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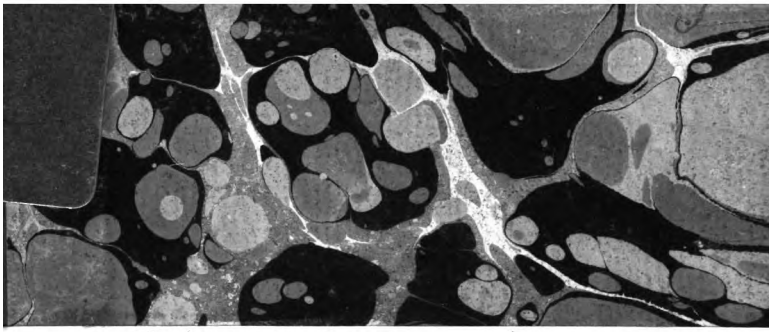

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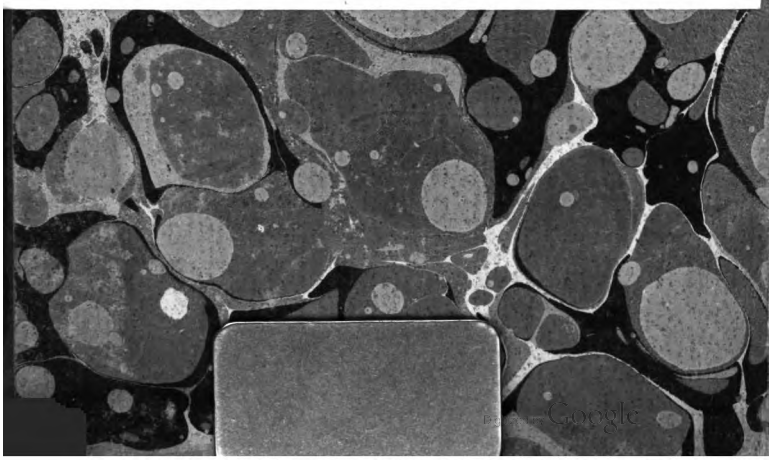

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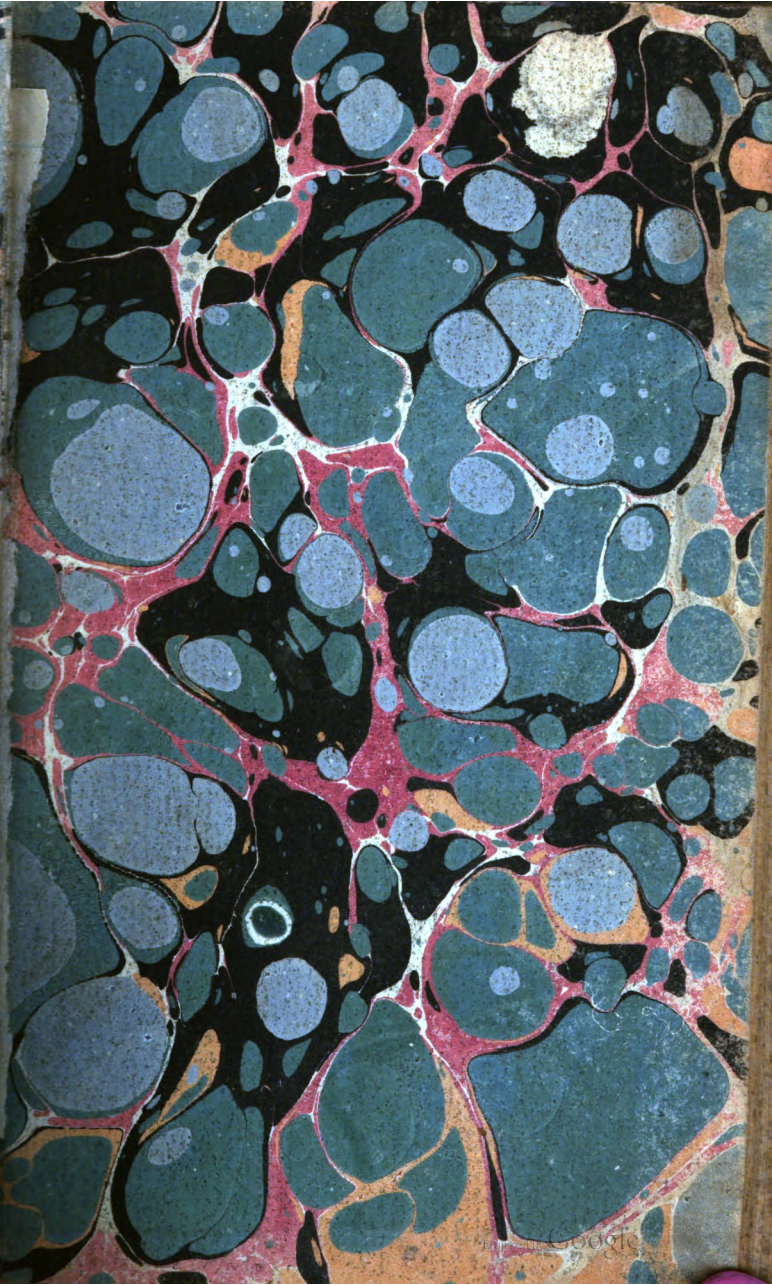
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THE proprietors of the Myrtle and Vine *having completed the first volume of their labours, would deem themselves deficient in gratitude if they did not embrace the present favourable opportunity of returning thanks to their numerous and respectable subscribers for the highly distinguished patronage they have so liberally received; and think they cannot adopt a mode more expressive of their feelings, than, by redoubling their efforts to render the work still more worthy of acceptance; being gratefully conscious of the number and value of their literary correspondents, and having engaged several artists of eminently distinguished merit, to devote their time and study to the exterior embellishments, they can confidently assume*

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THE

MYRTLE AND VINE.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

WITH AN ADDITIONAL STANZA,

Written by R. B. Sheridan, Esq. M. P.

GOD save great George our King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the King.

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix,
God save us all.

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Thy choicest gifts in store,
On George be pleas'd to pour,
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

From ev'ry latent foe,
From the assassin's blow,
God save the King;
O'er him thine arm extend,
For Britain's sake defend
Our Father, Prince, and Friend—
God save the King.

BRITANNIA.

Old Air, New Accompaniment.

TO Neptune enthron'd as he govern'd the sea,
From my cliff-skirted isle I dispatch'd a petition,
That he its protector and patron would be,
When this charter arriv'd without let or condition:
Navigation and trade, no more be afraid,
The ocean is yours, and I'll lend you my aid:

CHORUS

Besides, I'll instruct you like me to entwine
The fruits of fair commerce round liberty's shrine.

The news over Gallia immediately flew,
French and Spaniards pretended to give themselves airs,
If Britons are suffer'd their schemes to pursue,
There's an end of our projects, our hopes, and our cares.

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So they sent out a fleet, which the Englishmen beat,
And a second, sunk, taken, and forc'd to retreat,
Was oblig'd to confess that 'tis we who entwine
The fair fruits of commerce round liberty's shrine.
Was oblig'd, &c.

Then Mynheer from his mouth in great wrath took his pipe,
And swore our pretensions we sorely should rue,
That the time had arriv'd, and the project was ripe,
Shou'd teach poor John Bull a fresh course to pursue.
With this threat he set sail, 'twas of little avail,
They'd the worst on't at sea, and in port they turn'd tail.
But now with true blue they the orange entwine,
And the fruits of fair commerce round liberty's shrine.
But now with true blue, &c.

Then join, sons of Britain, the world to convince,
You have hearts tun'd to harmony, friendship and joy,
That your love to each other, your country and prince,
Can never be lessen'd, or suffer alloy.
May Britannia still be the Queen of the Sea,
May our King, laws, and people for ever be free.
And soon with the blessings of peace may we twine,
The fruits of fair commerce round liberty's shrine.
And soon with, &c.

THE GROUND-IVY GIRL.

(ORIGINAL.)

Written by Mr. Upton.

The Music by Mr. Reeve.—Sung by Miss Gray.

NOR father nor mother has poor little Nell,
And yet with the wide world before her,
As blythe as a lark, her *ground-ivy* to sell,
She rises each morn with Aurora.

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Thro' courts and thro' alleys, thro' lanes and thro' streets,
And up and down London's great city,
Whoever the poor little wanderer meets
Is sure to know Nell by her ditty.
Ground-ivy, ground-ivy,
Come buy my ground-ivy.

Tho' often bare-footed, yet poor little Nell,
Endow'd with sweet health, cheerly trudges,
And if the small store of her *ivy* can sell,
The grandeur of others ne'er grudges.
Content and humility tends on the maid,
And thus up and down London's city,
Tho' friendless and often in tatters array'd
Poor Nelly thus carols her ditty:
Ground-ivy, ground-ivy,
Come buy my ground-ivy.

Nor friend, nor relation, poor Nelly can boast
To guard or protect her from danger;
Yet still like a tar wreck'd on some foreign coast,
She oft finds *relief* from a stranger;
Thus fortune, tho' fickle, poor Nelly befriends,
As daily she roves London city;
And tho' for subsistence on chance she depends,
Thus merrily carols her ditty:
Ground-ivy, ground-ivy,
Come buy my ground-ivy.

THE SOLDIER.

(ORIGINAL.)

By Mr. T. Collins.

HARK! hark! the trumpet sounds to arms,
The drum proclaims dread war's alarms—
The thund'ring cannon's roar.
But duty still forbids me grieve,
Tho' ev'ry dear delight I leave,
My home! my native shore!

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Thro' foreign climes tho' doom'd to range,
Think not my love shall ever change—
Ah! no, this heart's too true:
And if in battle's fiercest strife
Of Providence I ask for life—
Dear Mary 'tis for you!

But should you hear some friend relate,
Your constant soldier met his fate—
Oh! heave one pitying sigh!
Yet know that when that sigh you give,
The same kind power bids you live
That bade your William die.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. Incledon, in the Turnpike-gate.

CALM the winds; the distant ocean,
Where our ships in triumph ride,
Seems to own no other motion
Than the ebb and flow of tide.

High perch'd upon his fav'rite spray,
The thrush attention hath bespoke;
The ploughman, plodding on his way,
To listen, stops the sturdy yoke.

But see, the loud-tongu'd pack in view,
The peopled hills the cry resound;
The sportsmen joining chorus too,
And rapt'rous peals of joy go round.
Soon, soon again, the scene, so gay,
In distant murmurs dies away,

Again from lazy echo's cell,
No sound is heard of mirth or woe,
Save but the crazy tinkling bell
The shepherd hangs upon the ewe.

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THE WATERMAN.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

IF the man goes but right who follows his nose,
The waterman always goes wrong;
For one way he looks, while another he rows,
And always keeps stroke with a song;
He'll give you a joke at every stroke,
While his wherry glides smoothly along.

How happy a man might a waterman be
Were his cares to his boat all consign'd!
He never would launch on a troublesome sea,
To disturb the content of his mind;
For when with his bride each stroke's against tide,
It's tugging 'gainst water and wind.

But why shou'd I grieve when I look on my badge?
When I won it, than Dick, why so merry?
How it drew the black peepers of Wandsworth Madge,
When I stepp'd from my boat at the ferry!
And, bless her black eyes, that stoke won the prize,
She was the first fair in my wherry.

MOVING TO THE MELODY OF MUSIC'S NOTE.

Sung by Miss De Camp in Blue Beard.

MOVING to the melody of music's note,
Observe the Turkish fair advance;
Lightly as the gossamer, she seems to float,
Thro' mazes of the dance:

Sportive is the measure,
Thrilling is the pleasure,
While in merry glee the senses join;
Deeper blushing roses,
Ev'ry cheek discloses,
Eyes with lustre shine.
Chorus—Moving to the, &c.

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When the lover takes her glowing hand,
With manly grace and ease;
Can the dancing female then withstand
His gentle squeeze.
No, she gives him then so languishing a glance,
Grown tender, soft, and melting with the dance;
Cupid, Cupid, god of hearts,
Dancing sharpens all your darts.
Chorus—Moving to the, &c.

THE BRITISH ADMIRALS.

Tune—*Hearts of Oak.*

COME honour, come courage, come glory from far,
Bind the laurel, well won, round the brow of each tar;
Where actions so bold wond'ring nations admire,
Brave Britons are aw'd, not by fear, foes, nor fire.
Hearts of oak, &c.

That vet'ran. brave gallant Howe is his name,
Whose atchievements are wrote in the temple of fame,
The French fleet attack'd, June the first, ninety-four,
Some he sunk, some he burnt, and some made their own shore.
Hearts of oak, &c.

St. Vincent the bold gave Cordova defeat,
His numbers just half of the Spaniard's proud fleet;
Four ships became prizes, fame spread it afar,
As an act 'yond compare in the annals of war.
Hearts of oak, &c.

Firm Duncan stands next on the heroic page,
Whom De Winter, the Dutchman, thought fit to engage;
Equal numbers in ships, aye, in guns and in men,
When the battle was o'er Duncan brought away ten.
Hearts of oak, &c.

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The last, tho' not least, fill up bumpers the while,
Fill them high, 'tis a toast to the Man of the Nile,
Brave Nelson by name, who attack'd the French line,
Out of thirteen burnt two, and he captur'd just nine.
Hearts of oak, &c.

With three times three cheers, we our seamen will toast,
The nation's best pride, the best guards of our coast;
May success crown their efforts wherever they serve,
'Tis our ships and our tars form our national nerve.

Hearts of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men,
They always are ready, steady, boys, steady,
To fight and to conquer again and again.

LITTLE TAFFLINE.

SHOULD e'er the fortune be my lot,
To be made a wealthy bride,
I'll glad my parent's lowly cot,
All their pleasure and their pride:
And when I'm drest,
All in my best,
I'll trip away, like lady gay,
I'll trip, I'll trip away;
And the lads will say, dear heart what a flash,
Look at Little Taffline with a silken sash.

And oh, what pleasure to be seen,
When the lads at evening meet,
With silken sash, or pink, or green,
Silken roses on my feet;
Now folks will stare as I goes by;
See, see, they'll cry, her flaunting air,
See, see her flaunting air;
And the lads will say, dear heart what a flash,
Look at little Taffline, with a silken sash.

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THE YEOMANRY OF ENGLAND.

(ORIGINAL.)

Written by G. S. Carey.

WHEN Gallia strove to spread thro' all this land
The seeds of discord, while insidious strife
In secret corners lurk'd; within each hand
She held, conceal'd, the ghastly murd'rer's knife;
Britannia's sons now felt the dire alarms,
And muster'd at the warlike trumpet's sound,
In one strong body clad themselves in arms
To save the helpless from the mischiefs round.

To arms! to arms! they urg'd, throughout the isle,
While fell rebellion urg'd her direful host
Religion's sacred altars to defile
With impious hands upon our neighb'ring coast;
The beauteous virgins, here in safety roam,
The aged parents with their offspring bless'd
Protected, solace in their peaceful home,
And on their pillows confidently rest.

Now weave a chaplet, virgins, for each head
Of ev'ry Briton, who, to aid our laws,
And, by a voluntary ardour led,
Stands forth a champion in his country's cause;
Who puts on armour for the general good,
Nor yet would wish the polish'd blade to stain,
But to prevent the purple stream of blood,
And our much-envy'd reign of Peace maintain.

Again our drooping commerce shall revive,
And, unmolested, o'er the briny main,
Our laden vessels shall with Neptune strive
To fill the coffers of this land again.
On this fam'd spot, each artisan shall boast,
The blessings of his labour, and shall sing
Or drink together, in one fervent toast,
The Yeoman brave, his Country, and his King.
Then let each Briton's motto be,
The *Cause* and Unanimity!

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THE WOOERS.

Translated from Voss, the German Theocritus, by Mr. Beresford.

WITH auburn locks and killing eyes,
A lass tripp'd o'er the mead:
The day declin'd, soft blush'd the skies,
And warblings fill'd the glade.
I nought but her could hear and see,
Belov'd, I swear, the maid shall be,
For ever and for aye by me!

A russet garb with graceful ease
Intwin'd her slender waist;
Her coat and tresses caught the breeze,
And flutter'd as it pass'd:
Her snow-white hose I plain could see.
Belov'd, I swear, the maid shall be,
For ever and for aye by me!

The dappled cow now jogg'd along,
And fill'd her cleanly pail;
And while the maiden milk'd and sung,
I urg'd my tender tale.
Her eyes bespoke soft courtesy.
Belov'd, I swear, the maid shall be,
For ever and for aye by me!

My tale I told, she deign'd to smile;
In sweet suspense I stood;
Yet durst to steal a kiss the while:
Her cheek with blushes glow'd.
As glow'd the west, so redden'd she.
Belov'd, I swear, the maid shall be,
For ever and for aye by me!

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O'er stile, o'er hedge, I help'd the maid
Her brimming pail to bear;
And chas'd the goblin from the glade,
And sung to banish fear:
For dark it grew, we scarce could see.
Belov'd, I swear, the maid shall be,
For ever and for aye by me!

Her mother rav'd: "So late!" she cry'd:
The damsel hung her head.
"Good mother, hear, nor rashly chide;
I'd fain thy daughter wed:
Consent our mutual bliss to see.
Belov'd, I swear, the maid shall be,
For ever and for aye by me!"

THE JUNCTION OF BACCHUS AND VENUS.

By T. C. Rickman.

I'M a vot'ry of Bacchus, his godship adore,
And love at his shrine gay libations to pour;
And Venus, blest Venus, my bosom inspires,
For she lights in our souls the most sacred of fires:
Yet to neither I swear sole allegiance to hold;
My bottle and lass I by turns must enfold;
For the sweetest of junctions that mortals can prove,
Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess of love.

When fill'd to the fair, the brisk bumper I hold;
Can the miser survey with such pleasure his gold!
The ambrosia of gods no such relish can boast,
If good port fill your glass, and fair Kitty's your toast,
And the charms of your girl more angelic will be,
If her sofa's encircl'd with wreaths from his tree;
For the sweetest of junctions that mortals can prove,
Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess of love.

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All partial distinctions I hate from my soul;
O give me my fair one! and give me my bowl;
Bliss reflected from either, will send to my heart,
Ten thousand sweet joys which they can't have apart!
Go try it, ye smiling and gay-looking throng,
And your hearts will in unison beat to my song,
That the sweetest of junctions that mortals can prove,
Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess of love.

I SING THE SEAMAN'S PRAISE.

Sung at the Anacreontic Society.

I SING the British seaman's praise,
A theme renown'd in story:
It well deserves more polish'd lays,
O 'tis your boast and glory;
When mad brain war spreads death around,
By them you are protected,
But when in peace the nation's found,
These bulwarks are neglected.

CHORUS.

Then O protect the hardy tar,
Be mindful of his merit,
And when again you're plung'd in war,
He'll shew his daring spirit.

When thickest darkness covers all,
Far on the trackless ocean;
When lightnings dart, when thunders roll,
And all is wild commotion.
When o'er the bark the white topt waves,
With boist'rous sweep, and rolling,
Yet coolly still the whole he braves,
Untam'd amidst the howling.
Then O protect, &c.

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When deep immers'd in sulph'rous smoak,
He seeks a glowing pleasure,
He loads his guns, he cracks his joke,
Elated beyond measure;
Tho' fore and aft the blood-stain'd deck,
Should lifeless trunks appear,
Or should the vessel float a wreck,
The sailor knows no fear.
Then O protect, &c.

When long becalm'd on southern brine,
Where scorching beams assail him,
When all the canvass hangs supine,
And food and water fail him;
Then oft he dreams of Britain's shore,
Where plenty still is reigning,
They call the watch, his rapture's o'er,
He sighs, but scorns complaining.
Then O protect, &c.

Or burning on that noxious coast,
Where death so oft befriends him,
Or pinch'd by hoary Greenland frost,
True courage still attends him.
No time can this eradicate,
He glories in annoyance;
He fearless braves the storm of fate,
And bids grim death defiance.
Then O protect, &c.

Why should the man who knows no fear,
In peace be e'er neglected;
Behold him move along the pier,
Pale, meagre, and dejected.
Behold him begging for employ,
Behold him disregarded;
Then view the anguish of his eye,
And say, are tars rewarded.
Then O protect, &c.

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To them your dearest rights you owe,
In peace then would you starve them?
What say ye Britain's sons? Oh, no,
Protect them, and preserve them.
Shield them from poverty and pain,
'Tis policy to do it;
Or when war shall come again,
O Britons ye may rue it.
Then O protect, &c.

THE BEGGAR GIRL.

A POOR helpless wand'rer, the wide world before me,
When the harsh din of war forc'd a parent to roam,
With no friend save kind heaven to protect and watch o'er me,
I, a child of affliction, was robb'd of a home!

And thus with a sigh I accosted each stranger—
"O, look with compassion on poor orphan Bess!
Your mite may relieve her from each threat'ning danger—
And the soft tear of pity can soothe her distress."

To the rich by whom virtue's too often neglected,
I tell my sad story—and crave for relief:
But wealth seldom feels for a wretch unprotected—
'Tis poverty only partakes of her grief!

Ah, little they think that the thousands they squander
On the play-things of folly, and fripp'ries of dress,
Would relieve the keen wants of the wretched who wander,
While the soft tear of pity would soothe their distress!

Tho' bereft of each comfort, poor Bess will not languish:
Since short is life's journey, 'tis vain to lament;
And he who still marks the deep sigh of keen anguish
Hath plac'd in his bosom the jewel Content.

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Then, ye wealthy to-day, think—ah, think ere to-morrow
The frowns of misfortune upon you may press;
Then, turn not away from a poor orphan's sorrow,
When the soft tear of pity can soothe her distress!

THE CHRISTIAN SAILOR.

COME, never seem to mind it,
Nor count your fate a curse,
However sad you find it,
Yet, somebody is worse:
In danger some may come off short,
Yet, why should we despair,
For, though bold tars are fortune's sport,
They still are fortune's care.

Why, when our vessel blew up,
A fighting that there Don,
Like squibs and crackers flew up
The crew, each mother's son;
They sunk:—some rigging stopp'd me short,
While twirling in the air,
And thus, if tars, &c.

Young Peg of Portsmouth-Common
Had like t' have been my wife;
Longside of such a woman
I'd led a pretty life:
A landsman, one Sam Davenport,
She convoy'd to Horn-fair,
And thus, if tars, &c.

A splinter knock'd my nose off;
My bowsprit's gone! I cries:
Yet well it kept their blows off,
Thank God, 'twas not my eyes;

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Chance if again it sends that sort,
Let's hope I've had my share,
Though thus bold tars, &c.

Scarce with these words I'd outed,
Glad for my eyes and limbs,
When a cartridge burst, and douted
Both my two precious glims;
Well, then they're gone! I cry'd, in short,
Yet, fate my life did spare,
And thus, though tars, &c.

I'm blind, and I'm a cripple,
Yet cheerfully would sing,
Were my disasters triple,
'Cause why?—'Twas for my king:
Besides each Christian's exhort,
Pleas'd, will some pity spare;
And thus though tars are fortune's sport,
They still are fortune's care.

JACK BLOCK.

WHEN I came back to bonny Shadwell Dock,
In my feathers and jacket so airy,
How the girls did stare at their friend Jack Block.
With his chip chow, cherry chow,
Rolty, ulty, ity, row,
Rowdy, olty, oh!

When with buxom Poll, at the anchor so blue,
I call'd for a bowl of rumbo,
Says she, Jack your health! says I, here's to you!
With my chip chow, &c.

The purser he look'd at me very big,
And to Poll threw his loving palaver,
But the rumbo I threw o'er his white chissel'd wig.
With my chip chow, &c.

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His pipe being broke, oh! damn it how he stares;
Says he, you must ask my pardon;
Says I, with all my heart, so I kick'd him down stairs.
With my chip chow, &c.

Then says Poll, O Jack! treat me to the play,
We're so fine let us go to the boxes.
I like a box, says I; so I tripp'd it away.
With my chip chow, &c.

Oh! then the jack-a-dandies clapp'd and encor'd,
Wip'd the boots on the ladies aprons;
Silence! says I; and very loudly I roar'd.
With my chip chow, &c.

The link-boy he lighted us clean in the mud,
There he finger'd our pockets so neatly;
With, your honour take care,—Oh! damn his young blood:
And his chip chow, &c.

Let us drink a health to little England;
To great George, and good Queen Charlotte,
May our seamen always the ocean command.
And the chip chow, &c.

A HUNTING SONG.

WHEN Phœbus begins just to peep o'er the hills,
With horns we awaken the day,
And rouze brother sportsmen who sluggishly sleep,
With hark! to the woods, hark away!
See the hounds are uncoupled in musical cry,
How sweetly it echoes around;
And high-mettled steeds with their neighing all seem
With pleasure to echo the sound.

Behold where sly Reynard, with panic and dread,
At distance o'er hillocks doth bound;
The pack on the scent fly with rapid career,
Hark! the horns! O how sweetly they sound!

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Now on the chace, o'er hills and o'er dales,
All dangers we nobly defy;
Our nags are all stout, and our sports we'll pursue,
With shouts that resound to the sky.

But see how he lags, all his arts are in vain,
No longer with swiftness he flies;
Each hound in his fury determines his fate,
The traitor is seiz'd on and dies.
With shouting and joy we return from the field,
With drink crown the sports of the day;
Then to rest we recline, till the horn calls again,
Then away to the woodlands, away.

A FREE-MASON'S SONG.

COME, let us prepare,
We brothers that are
Assembled on merry occasion;
Let's drink, laugh, and sing,
Our wine has a spring;
Here's a health to an accepted mason.

The world is in pain
Our secret to gain,
But let them still wonder and gaze on;
Till they're shewn the light,
They'll ne'er know the right
Word or sign of an accepted mason.

'Tis this, and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what,
Why so many great men in the nation
Should aprons put on,
To make themselves one
With a free and an accepted mason.

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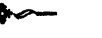
Great kings, dukes, and lords
Have laid by their swords,
Our myst'ry to put a good grace on;
And ne'er been asham'd,
To hear themselves nam'd
With a free and an accepted mason.

Antiquity's pride
We have on our side,
It makes each man just in his station;
There's nought but what's good,
To be understood
By a free and an accepted mason.

We're true and sincere,
We're just to the fair,
They'll trust on ev'ry occasion;
No mortal can more,
The ladies adore,
Than a free and an accepted mason.

Then join hand in hand,
To each other firm stand,
Let's be merry, and put a bright face on;
No mortal can boast
So noble a toast,
As a free and an accepted mason.



TO-MORROW; OR, THE PROSPECT.

Tune—*With my Jug in one Hand.*

IN the downhill of life when I find I'm reclining,
May my fate no less fortunate be!
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;

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With an ambling pad poney to pace o'er the lawn,
While I carol away idle sorrow;
And blythe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,
Look forward with hope for to-morrow:

With a porch at my door both for shelter and shade too,
As the sunshine or rain may prevail,
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
With a barn for the use of the flail;
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when my friend wants borrow;
I'd envy no nabob his riches or fame,
Or the honours that wait him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Secur'd by a neighbouring hill;
And at night may repose steal on me more sweetly,
By the sound of a murmuring rill;
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow;
With my friends will I share what to-day may afford,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering,
Which I've worn for years threescore and ten;
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again:
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow;
As this worn-out old stuff which is threadbare to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow.

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CROSS PURPOSES.

TOM loves Mary passing well,
And Mary she loves Harry;
But Harry sighs for bonny Bell,
And finds his love miscarry;
For bonny Bell for Thomas burns,
Whilst Mary slights his passion:
So strangely freakish are the turns
Of human inclination.

Moll gave Hal a wreath of flow'rs,
Which he, in am'rous folly
Consign'd to Bell, and in few hours
It came again to Molly:
Thus all by turns are woo'd, and woo;
No turtles can be truer;
Each loves the object they pursue,
But hates the kind pursuer.

As much as Mary, Thomas grieves,
Proud Hal despises Mary;
And all the flouts which Bell receives
From Tom, she vents on Harry.
If one of all the four has frown'd,
You ne'er saw people grummer;
If one has smil'd, it catches round,
And all are in good humour.

Then, lovers, hence this lesson learn,
Throughout the British nation;
How much 'tis ev'ry one's concern
To smile at reformation.
And still, thro' life, this rule pursue,
Whatever objects strike you,
Be kind to them that fancy you,
That those you love may like you.

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GRAMACHREE, MOLLY:

AN IRISH AIR.

AS down on Banna's banks I stray'd, one ev'ning in May,
The little birds, in blythest notes, made vocal ev'ry spray:
They sung their little tales of love, they sung them o'er and o'er.
Ah! gramachree, ma cholleenouge, ma Molly ashtore!

The daisy dy'd, and all the sweets the dawn of nature yields,
The primrose pale, and vi'let blue, lay scatter'd o'er the fields;
Such fragrance in the bosom lies of her whom I adore.
Ah! gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank, bewailing my sad fate,
That doom'd me thus the slave of love, and cruel Molly's hate;
How can she break the honest heart that wears her in its core?
Ah! gramachree, &c.

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear: ah, why did I believe?
Yet who could think such tender words were meant but to deceive?
That love was all I ask'd on earth, nay, heav'n could give no more.
Ah! gramachree, &c.

O! had I all the flocks that graze on yonder yellow hill,
Or low'd for me the num'rous herds that your green pasture fill;
With her I love, I'd gladly share my kine and fleecy store.
Ah! gramacree, &c.

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Two turtle-doves, above my head, sat courting on a bough,
I envy'd them their happiness, to see them bill and coo;
Such fondness once for me she shew'd, but now, alas! 'tis o'er.
Ah! gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear, thy loss I e'er shall mourn;
While life remains in Strephon's heart, 'twill beat for thee alone;
Tho' thou art false, may heaven on thee its choicest blessings pour, &c.
Ah! gramachree, &c.

ALBION—THE PRIDE OF THE SEA.

Written by Dr. Houlton.

MY boys, would you know how our ship got her name,
You speedy shall know that from me,
When ready to launch, she was christen'd by Fame—
The ALBION—the Pride of the Sea.

CHORUS.

All her crew lads of mettle,
'Midst the cannon's loud rattle
A dread lion in battle,
Is ALBION—the Pride of the Sea.

As she dash'd from the dock to embrace her own wave,
She sprang with a heart full of glee,
And cry'd, let none man but the true British brave—
The ALBION—the Pride of the sea.
All her crew, &c.

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When glorious to view as she swam on the main,
This, this is my throne, exclaim'd she;
And the sceptre, my boys, we e'er will sustain
Of ALBION—the Pride of the Sea.
All her crew, &c.

What honour to her, fame and vict'ry have paid,
To history go, and you'll see,
That the world has been sway'd, and shall ever be sway'd
By ALBION—the Pride of the Sea.
All her crew, &c.

SONG.

From the Italian.

BESIDE a fountain's border,
Where wanton zephyrs rove;
A nymph, in sweet disorder,
Now sleeps in yonder grove.
If thus her beauties charm me,
All sleeping as she lies,
What ills, alas! shall harm me,
When once she opes her eyes!

On her white arm reposing,
Reclines her lovely cheek,
Far sweeter tints disclosing
Then May's sweet morning deck.
What tender fears alarm me,
What tender hopes arise—
Alas! what ills shall harm me,
When once she opes her eyes?

And fain would I discover
What pains my breast invade;
But, ah! too timid lover,
My lips refuse their aid.

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May love with boldness arm me,
And cheek desponding sighs,
Or, oh! what ills shall harm me,
When once she opes her eyes!

WHEN BOUNDING O'ER THE LOFTY YARD.

WHEN bounding o'er the lofty yard,
The jolly seaman reefs the sail,
Though whirlwinds roar, he grapples hard
The swimming beam, nor dreads the gale:
When hidden rocks and sable clouds
Impede the shatter'd vessel's way,
The boatswain, clinging to the shrouds,
Undaunted pipes his midnight lay.

And, ere the wreck begins to sink,
Ere through her sides the billows pour,
The sailor bravely stops to drink,
Then grasps the mast, and gains the shore:
Thus, Harriet, were I moor'd with you,
No threatning danger would I see,
But laugh at terror's pale-fac'd crew,
And baffle life's tempestuous sea.

Or haply should soft zephyr blow,
We'd leave the port and share the gale;
While Bacchus call'd all hands below,
And fortune laughing set our sail:
From quicksands of domestic care,
Where jealousy's loud breakers roar,
From sorrow's coast we'd steer afar,
'Till death should tow our boat ashore.

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SMILING GROG.

A SAILOR's life's a life, d'ye see,
That drudges late and early:
What matter's that when he's at sea,
'Tis grog that makes him cheerly:
For, blest with that, no care he knows,
His heart's with courage stor'd;
'Tis all the same what wind then blows,
When smiling grog's on board.

Tho' many a stormy night he braves,
Yet fear cannot his courage check;
Undaunted views the dashing waves,
And boldly still he stands on deck:
What fear can e'er a sailor feel,
Who ploughs the foaming hoard;
He fears not rocks that rub the keel,
When smiling grog's on board.

The sails are set, the cann goes round,
The helm at watch is shifted;
The lead is heav'd, the bank is found,
The ship by seas is drifted:
What dangers now await the crew,
She's turning out the freight she's stor'd,
Yet, highly pleas'd the merry few,
When smiling grog's on board.

The ship, she works, the helm's a-lee,
The sea beats o'er the weather bow,
The pump's at task, the leak is free,
She rights, my boys, just now:
With eager stretch the sails are clear,
She's near the port well stor'd;
Drink now, my hearts, the shore is near,
For smiling grog's on board.

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HENRY'S COTTAGE MAID.

AH! where can fly my soul's true love,
Sad I wander this lone grove;
Sighs and tears for him I shed,
Henry is from Laura fled:
Thy love to me thou didst impart,
Thy love soon won my virgin heart;
But, dearest Henry, thou'st betray'd
Thy love with thy poor cottage maid.

Through the vale my grief appears,
Sighing sad with pearly tears;
Oft thy image is my theme,
As I wander on the green:
See from my cheek the colour flies,
And love's sweet hope within me dies;
For, oh! dear Henry, thou'st betray'd
Thy love, with thy poor cottage maid.

BE QUICK, FOR I'M IN HASTE.

AS 'cross the fields the other morn,
I tripp'd so blithe and gay,
The 'squire with his dog and gun,
By chance came by that way:
Whither so fast, sweet maid, he cry'd,
And caught me round the waist,
Pray stop awhile—"Dear Sir," said I,
"I can't, for I'm in haste."

You must not go as yet, cry'd he,
For I have much to say;
Come, sit you down, and let us chat,
Upon the new-mown hay:
I've lov'd you long, and oft have wish'd
Those ruby lips to taste,
I'll have a kiss—"Well, then," said I,
"Be quick, for I'm in haste."

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Just as I spoke I saw young Hodge
Come thro' a neighbouring gate;
He caught my hand, and cry'd, "Dear girl,
I fear I've made you wait:
But here's the ring, come, let's to church,
The joys of love to taste—"
I left the squire, and laughing cry'd,
"You see, Sir, I'm in haste."

THE HAPPY FARMER.

Sung by Mr. Denman.

WHEN the bonny grey morning just peeps thro' the skies,
The lark, mounting, tunes his sweet lay;
With a mind unincumber'd with care I arise,
My spirits, light, airy, and gay.
I take up my gun, honest Tray, my old friend;
Wags his tail, and jumps joyfully round;
To the woods then, together, we joyfully bend,
'Tis there health and pleasure are found.

CHORUS.

I snuff the fresh air, bid defiance to care,
And happy as mortal can be,
From the toils of the great, from ambition and state;
'Tis my pride and my boast to be free.

At noon I delighted range o'er the rich soil,
And Labour's rough children regale,
With a cup of good home-brew'd I sweeten their toil,
And laugh at their joke and their tale.
And whether the ripe waving corn I behold,
Or the innocent flocks meet my sight,
Or the orchard, whose fruits are just turning to gold,
Still, still, health and pleasure unite.
"I snuff the fresh air, &c.

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At eve to my humble roof cot I return,
When oh! what new sources of bliss,
My children rush out, while their little hearts burn,
Each striving to gain the first kiss.
My Dolly appears with a smile on her face,
Good humour presides at our board;
What more than health, plenty, good humour and peace,
Can the wealth of the Indies afford?

CHORUS.

I retire to sweet rest, content fills my breast,
As happy as mortal can be,
From the toils of the great, from ambition and state,
'Tis my pride and my boast to be free.

COME, LISTEN AWHILE.

COME, listen awhile, I will make you to smile,
With a story that's certainly true,
At a place of renown, a few miles from town,
This comical theme we'll pursue.
Tol de rol.

The 'squire's fine lady had brought him a babe,
A jolly plump boy I declare,
His eyes and his nose, daddy's own we suppose,
For so all the gossips did swear.
Tol de rol.

To christen the child, the folks were all wild,
So they hastily sent for the vicar;
The vicar soon came, or he'd been much to blame,
As he guess'd there was plenty of liquor.
Tol de rol.

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The room it was full, not a soul that was dull,
There was plenty of punch and of claret,
The gossips' tongues clack'd, as the glasses they smack'd,
'Twas enough for to stun you to hear it.
Tol de rol.

The lady and 'squire were flaming with ire,
What name they should give the young Don;
The lady said Matt, the 'squire said Patt,
But the uncle would have him call'd John.
Tol de rol.

But the lady said, "Fie! I ne'er will comply,
My child shall be christen'd like that,
They will joke on his name, and it would be a shame,
To have him call'd little Jack Sprat.
Tol de rol.

While their bellies they fill, the parson sat still,
To see the punch flowing amain;
Such a fine noble bowl, 'tis true by my soul,
'Twas like a pond on a plain.
Tol de rol.

But as the tide sunk, they grew most of them drunk,
And the vicar just open'd his book;
The nurse let him fall in, Lord, how he did grin,
For he swam like a fish in a brook.
Tol de rol.

Madam cry'd, "O my child, will be certainly spoil'd,
Such a thing before was ne'er heard on,"
But the parson said, "No, it ought to be so,
For this is the river of Jordan.
Tol de rol.

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" His sins from this day, shall be all wash'd away,
And his name shall be Punch, if you please;
So I give him my blessing, now nurse take and caress him,
While we finish the bowl at our ease."
Tol de rol.

Thus Punch was his name, as the people proclaim,
A fox-hunting toper he prov'd,
He would drink and would sing, and was true to his king,
And by the country round was belov'd.
Tol de rol.

So here my song ends, which I hope among friends,
For a little amusement may pass;
Let the punch circle round, and good liquor abound,
While each joins his hand to his glass.

SANDY O'ER THE LEE.

A SCOTCH SONG.

I WINNA marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lee,
But I will ha my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the lee;
For he's aye a kissing, kissing, aye a kissing me.

I will not have the minister, for all his godly looks;
Nor yet will I the lawyer have, for all his willy crooks;
I will not have the plowman lad, nor yet will I the miller,
But I will have my Sandy lad, without one penny siller:
For he's aye a kissing, &c.

I will not have the soldier lad, for he gangs to the war;
I will not have the sailor lad, because he smells of tar;
I will not have the lord nor laird, for all their mickle gear;
But I will have my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the meir:
For he's aye a kissing, &c.

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SONG.

Written by G. A. Stevens.

WHEN Jove was resolv'd to create the round earth,
He subpœned the virtues divine;
Young Bacchus he sat præcedentum of mirth,
And the toast was, wit, women, and wine.

The sentiment tickled the ear of each god;
Apollo he wink'd to the nine;
And Venus gave Mars, too, a sly wanton nod,
When she drank to wit, women, and wine.

Old Jove shook his sides, and the cup put around,
While Juno, for once, look'd divine:
These blessings, says he, shall on earth now abound,
And the toast is, wit, women, and wine.

These are joys, worthy gods, which to mortals are giv'n,
Says Momus: "Who will not repine?
For what's worth our notice, pray tell me, in heav'n,
If men have wit, women, and wine?

"This joke you'll repent, I'll lay fifty to seven;
Such attractions no pow'r can decline;
Old Jove, by yourself you'll soon keep house in heav'n,
For we follow wit, women, and wine."

"Thou'rt right," says old Jove, "let us hence to the earth,
Men and gods think variety fine;
Who'd stay in the clouds, when good-nature and mirth
Are below, with wit, women, and wine?"

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THE WORLD.

By Mrs. Robinson.

IN this vain busy world, where the good and the gay
By affliction and folly wing moments away:
Where the false are respected, the virtuous betray'd,
Where vice lives in sunshine, and genius in shade:
With a soul-sicken'd sadness all changes I see,
For the world has no corner of comfort for me!

In cities, where wealth loads the coffers of pride,
Where talents and sorrow are ever allied;
Where dullness is worshipp'd, and wisdom despis'd,
Where none but the empty and venal are priz'd;
All scenes, with disgust and abhorrence I see,
For the world has no corner of comfort for me.

While pale Asiatics, encircled with gold,
The sons of misfortune indignant behold;
While the tythe-pamper'd churchman reviles at the poor,
And the lorn-sinking traveller faints at his door:
While religion dares sanction oppression's decree,
O! keep such hard bosoms, such monsters from me!

While the flame of a patriot expires in the breast,
With ribband and tinsel, and frippery drest;
While the proud mock the children of want and of care,
Give a sneer for each sigh, and a smile for each pray'r;
Though they triumph a day—a short day it must be:
Heav'n keep such cold tyrants! O! keep them from me!

While the lawyer still lives by the anguish of hearts,
While he wings the wrong'd bosom, and thrives as it smarts;

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While he grasps the last guinea from poverty's heir,
While he revels in splendour which rose from despair;
While the tricks of his office our scourges must be,
Ah! keep the shrewd knave and his quibbles from me!

O! Earth! thou vile Earth! how I trouble to trace
The anguish that hourly augments from thy race!
How I turn from the world, while I honour the best,
Th' enlighten'd adore, and the venal detest;
And alas! with what joy to the grave would I flee,
Since the world, the base world! has no pleasure for me!

THE FORSAKEN NYMPH.

GUARDIAN angels, now protect me,
Send, ah! send the youth I love;
Deign, O Cupid, to direct me,
Lead me thro' the myrtle grove.
Bear my sighs, soft floating air,
Say I love him to despair;
Tell him 'tis for him I grieve,
For him alone I wish to live.

'Mid secluded dells I'll wander,
Silent as the shades of night,
Near some bubbling rill's meander,
Whilst he erst has blest my sight;
There to weep the night away,
There to waste in sighs the day.
Think, fond youth, what vows you swore,
And must I never see thee more?

Then recluse shall be my dwelling,
Deep in some sequester'd vale;
There with mournful cadence swelling
Oft repeat my love-sick tale:

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And the lark and Philomel,
Oft shall hear the virgin tell
What the pain to bid adieu
To joy, to happiness, and you.

SONG.

By Dr. Goldsmith.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds, too late, that man betray;
What charms can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art, her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from ev'ry eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is to die!

CORN RIGGS ARE BONNY.

MY Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy,
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy.
His shape is handsome, middle size;
He's stately in his wawking;
The shining of his een surprise:
'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing;
There mony a kindly word he spake
That set my heart a glowing.
He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony:
That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
"O corn riggs are bonny."

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Let maidens of a silly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting,
Since we for yielding are design'd,
We chastely should be granting;
Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
And syne my cockerony
He's free to touzle air or late,
Where corn riggs are bonny."

FAITHFUL MARY.

'Tune—*Dibdin's Sailor's Journal.*

THE decks were clear'd, the gallant band
Of British tars, each other cheering,
Each kindly shook his messmate's hand,
With hearts resolv'd, nor danger fearing;
Ben Block turn'd pale, yet 'twas not fear,
Ben thought he had beheld some fairy,
When on the deck he saw appear
In seaman's dress, his faithful Mary.

Her cheeks assum'd a crimson glow,
Yet such for love her noble daring,
No prayers could keep her down below,
With Ben she'd stay, all perils sharing;
When cruel fate ordain'd it so
E'er Ben had time to say how fare ye,
An envious ball convey'd the blow
That clos'd in death the eyes of Mary.

Ben's arms receiv'd the falling fair,
Grief, rage, and love his bosom tearing,
His eyes reflected wild despair,
No more for life or safety caring:
Close came the foe—Ben madly cry'd,
"Ye adverse powers come on, I dare ye;"
Then springing from the vessel's side
Rush'd on the foe, and dy'd for Mary.

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O THE DAYS WHEN I WAS YOUNG!

By R. B. Sheridan, Esq.

O THE days when I was young!
When I laugh'd in fortune's spight,
Talk'd of love the whole day long,
And with nectar crown'd the night.

Then it was old father care,
Little reck'd I of thy frown;
Half thy malice youth could bear,
And the rest a bumper drown.
O the days, &c.

Truth, they say, lies in a well,
Why, I vow, I ne'er could see;
Let the water-drinkers tell,
There it always lay for me:
O the days, &c.

For when sparkling wine went round,
Never saw I falshood's mask;
But still honest truth I found,
In the bottom of each flask!
O the days, &c.

True, at length my vigour's flown,
I have years to bring decay;
Few the locks that now I own,
And the few I have are grey!
O the days, &c.

Yet, old Jerome, thou may'st boast,
While thy spirits do not tire,
Still, beneath thy age's frost,
Glows a spark of youthful fire.
O the days, &c.

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THE TOPSAILS SHIVER IN THE WIND.

THE topsails shiver in the wind,
The ship she casts to sea;
But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
Are, Mary, moor'd with thee:
For tho' thy sailor's bound afar,
Still love shall be my leading star.

Should landmen flatter when we're sail'd,
O! doubt their artful tales;
No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
If love breath'd constant gales:
Thou art the compass of my soul,
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Syrens in ev'ry port we meet,
More fell than rocks and waves;
But such as grace the British fleet,
Are lovers, and not slaves:
No foes our courage shall subdue,
Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares; but if you're kind,
We'll scorn the dashing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
The pow'r of France and Spain:
Now England's glory rests with you,
Our sails are full—sweet girls, adieu!

WHEN SANDY TOLD HIS TALE OF LOVE.

Sung by Miss Howells.

WHEN Sandy told his tale of love,
I knew na what to do,
For mither did not him approve,
But I did much him loo.

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I told her, but it ga'e me pain
I wad hae him or none,
And soon at kirk, across the p
The parson made us one.
Ever jocund a' the day,
Now a bonny bride sae g
Sandy pipes, I dance and
While the merry bells do
Ting ding, ding, ding, ding, di

My mither did wi' anger burn,
To hear that I was wed,
She vow'd (and did me from h
She ne'er wou'd give me bre
For much she doubted Sandy'
But when his worth she kne
She cry'd, I will embrace the
For now I ken he's true.
Ever jocund, &c.

Wi' Sandy, in a pleasant cot,
Sae happy now I live,
I wou'd na change my rura' spe
For a' that man cou'd give;
The empty shew of pride and
We dinna' wish to have,
For we are blest with peace and
And nothing more we crave.
Ever jocund, &c.

HOW BLEST THE BRITISH S

Sung by Mr. Denman.

THO' cloudy skies and storms app
The sailor's heart is blythe and
No pain he feels, no dangers fear,
But merry sings this roundelay;

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When safe on shore,
All cares are o'er,
Where beauty's smile
Rewards his toil,
How blest the British sailor.

From love alone my cares arose,
When late I went more wealth to seek;
Like dew-drops on the damask rose,
The tears look'd bright on Nelly's cheek;
Now safe on shore,
Her cares are o'er,
Her chearful smile
Rewards my toil,
How blest her constant sailor.

The sailor's duty he performs,
Rewarded by the fair one's love,
Her smiles are sunshine after storms,
That cloud of anxious doubt remove;
When safe on shore,
All cares are o'er;
When beauty's smile
How blest the British sailor.

COLIN'S RETURN TO SEA.

(ORIGINAL.)

Tune—*Good Neighbours I've good News to tell.*

FEAR not my Peggy stormy winds, nor fear the exulting foe,
'Tis glory calls, my king commands, and Colin now must go;
He goes, but soon will come again, enrich'd with gold and fame,
Nay, dry those tears, my bonny lass, to weep it were a shame.

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CHORUS.

The crew's on board, the sails are spread, our conq'ring flag unfurl'd,
And England's navy still shall be—the wonder of the world.

Where'er from coast to coast we sail, our praises fly before,
And British valour is renown'd, from Ind. to Lapland's shore:
We shun no toil, no danger dread, no vain alarms we feel,
Nor prize our lives but as they may, promote our country's weal.
The crew's on board, &c.

Our king, God bless him, ev'ry tar shall strive with heart and hand,
To guard his throne, whose gentle sway protects this happy land.
With filial love and duty join'd, his person we'll defend,
For ev'ry Briton finds in him—a father and a friend.
The crew's on board, &c.

Then farewell Peggy, from the mast the signals wave in air,
Th' boatswain pipes all hands on deck, and Colin is not there.
My bonny lass I love thee dear, but love my honour more;
In haste he kiss'd her blushing cheek—the boat forsook the shore.
The crew's on board, &c.

And Peggy wip'd the pearly drops from eyes as black as sloes,
"May heav'n preserve my Colin's life," she cry'd, "where'er he goes;

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For heav'n can turn the balls aside, when danger hovers near,
And trusting in its guardian care, I'll banish ev'ry fear;
Yet gladly shall I see again, our conq'ring flag unfurl'd,
And hail our glorious fleet return'd—the wonder of the world.

WILLY O' THE TAY.

(ORIGINAL.)

Written by Mr. T. Inskip.

THE other day across the yard,
Quite trig in costly geer;
I spy'd a brae and bonny laird,
He had some words to speer.
He ask'd a kiss and round me caught,
And would nae be said nay;
I blush'd, and a' the while I thought
Of Willy o' the Tay.

"If thou wilt gang wi' me," he cry'd,
"If thou wilt gang awa;
O thou shalt be my bonny bride,
My winsome bonny brae:"
"I canna gang wi' ye," I said,
"Wi' you I munna stray;
For vows of truest loo I've made,
To Willy o' the Tay."

"I've got good store of land;" cry'd he,
"And mickle welth beside;
A' these I'll freely gi' to thee,
Sae thou wilt be my bride."
"O! what's to me your gouden store,
Sic loo must sure betray;
An honest heart I prize far more,
Like Willy's o' the Tay."

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My laird turn'd round and aif he went,
He cud nae say nae mair;
Gin to the glen I quickly bent,
And found my laddie there:
I tou'd him a' the laird had said,
And how I still said nay;
That wi' nae other I would wed,
But Willy o' the Tay.

"That's right my bonny lass," he said,
"Syne I've nae loo'd in vain;
And e'er to-morrow's light is fled,
I'll tak thee for mine ain."
He kiss'd my lips, my hand he press'd,
To kirk I gang'd next day;
And now a bonny wife I'm bless'd,
Wi' Willy o' the Tay.

POOR ORPHAN DICK.

(ORIGINAL.)

PITY a poor and wand'ring beggar boy,
That craves your charity from door to door,
Whom wretchedness his weeping tears destroy,
Oh, pity he that craves, and who is poor!

I had a father once, generous and brave,
An hero valiant, noble, brave, and bold;
He now, alas! sleeps in a wat'ry grave,
And him poor parent shall I ne'er behold.

O'er Nile's proud flood his conq'ring arm it fell,
While for Old England's rights he boldly fought,
And left, ah, me! to roam, but where I cannot tell,
For charity puts my infancy at nought.

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Oh that I was but half at man's estate,
I'd run the burning hazard of the die;
Against my country's foes I'd soon be great,
Tho' orphan Dick, sooner than flinch I'd die.

My father's name high handed was in fame,
And for his country's wrongs he boldly fell;
And left poor orphan me without a hand,
Else I might ne'er with sorrow had to dwell.

Those that have hearts more softer sure than stone,
Will pity take on me with no small joy;
And time will come perhaps when not unknown,
But ne'er will forget I was an orphan boy.

HEARTS FREE FROM GUILE ARE EVER GAY.

Sung in Paul and Virginia.

LOWLY, humble was our lot
Fortune's frowns seem'd endless,
Yet, by kind heaven, are never forgot
Orphans poor and friendless.
Hope, from the skies descending,
Still her blest influence lending,
Labour o'er, we dance and play;
Hearts free from guile are ever gay!
Hearts free, &c.

Lowly, humble tho' your lot,
Goodness in you was endless;
Ne'er shall that goodness be forgot,
I too was poor and friendless.
Oh! may, from heaven descending,
Hope, her blest influence lending,
Crown with joy each happy day;
Hearts free from guile are ever gay!
Hearts free, &c.

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THE WOODEN WALLS OF OLD ENGLAND.

WHEN Britain on her sea-girt shore,
Her white-rob'd Druids first address'd:
What aid, she cry'd, shall I implore,
What bless'd defence—by numbers press'd?
Hostile nations round thee rise,
The mystic oracle reply'd,
And view'd thy isle with envious eyes!
Their threats defy, their rage deride:
Nor fear invasion from your adverse Gauls,
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

Thine oaks descending to the main,
With floating forts shall stem the tides,
Asserting Britain's liquid reign,
Where'er her thund'ring navy rides;
Nor less to peaceful arts inclin'd,
Where Commerce opens all her stores,
In social bands shall lead mankind,
And join the sea-divided shores.
Spread then thy sails, where naval glory calls,
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

Hail, happy isle! what, though thy vales
No vine-impurpled tribute yield,
Nor fann'd with odour-breathing gales,
Nor crops spontaneous glad the field;
Yet Liberty rewards the toil
Of Industry, to labour prone,
Who jocund ploughs the grateful soil,
And reaps the harvest he hath sown:
While other realms tyrannic sway enthrals,
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

Thus spake the bearded sire of old,
In vision wrapp'd of Britain's fame,
Ere yet Iberia felt her pow'r,
Or Gallia trembled at her name;

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Ere yet Columbus dar'd t'-explore
New regions rising from the main,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Hear then, ye winds, in solemn strain,
This sacred truth an awe-struck world appals,
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

SONG.

Translated from the Greek.

WITH dire misfortunes, pains and woes,
O'erwhelm'd, ingulph'd, I struggling fight;
O'er my frail bark proud billows close,
To plunge her deep in lasting night.

Rough seas of ills incessant roar,
Fierce winds adverse, with howling blast;
Heave surge on surge—ah! far from shore
My found'ring skiff shall sink at last.

Involv'd in low'ring darksome clouds,
'Mid sultry fogs I pant for breath;
Huge foaming billows rend my shrouds,
While yawning gulphs extend beneath.

From bursting clouds, loud thunders roll,
And deaf'ning peals terrific spread;
Red light'nings dart from pole to pole,
And burst o'er my devoted head.

When shall the friendly dawning rays,
Guide me to pleasures once possest;
And breezy gales, o'er peaceful seas,
Waft to some port of endles rest.

In dark despair, with tempests tost,
I veer my sail from side to side;
Conduct me, heav'n! to yon fair coast,
Or plunge me in the whelming tide.

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ARISTIPPUS, THE FRIEND TO MANKIND.

LET care be a stranger to each jovial soul.
Who Aristippus like can his passions controul;
Of wisest philosophers wisest was he,
Who attentive to ease let their passions be free—
The prince, peer, or peasant to him were the same,
If pleas'd, he was pleasing to all where he came.

CHORUS.

But still turn'd his back on contention and strife,
Resolving to live all the days of his life.

A friend to mankind all mankind was his friend,
And the peace of his mind was his ultimate end;
He found fault with none if none found fault with him,
If his friend had a humour he humour'd his whim;
If wine was the word, well he bumper'd his glass,
If love was the topic he toasted his lass.
But still turn'd his back, &c,

If councils disputed, if councils agreed,
He found fault with none, for this was his creed:
That let them be guided by folly or sense,
It would be *semper eadem* a hundred years hence.
He thought 'twas unsocial to be mal-content,
If the tide went with him with the tide too he went.
But still turn'd his back, &c.

Was the nation at war he wish'd well to the sword,
If peace was concluded a peace was his word;
Disquiet to him of his body or mind,
Was the longitude only he never could find:
The philosopher's stone was but gravel and pain,
And they that have sought it had sought it in vain.
But still turn'd his back, &c.

Then let us all follow Aristippus's rules,
And deem his opponents both asses and mules;

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Let those not contented to lead or to drive,
By the bees of their sect be drove out of their hive;
Expell'd from the mansion of quiet and ease,
May they never find out the blest art how to please.
While our friends and ourselves, not forgetting our wives,
May live and be lov'd all the days of our lives.

PARODY ON THE RACE HORSE.

By T. C. Rickman.

SEE the ball-room thick crowded—the dance is begun,
Hear, thro' the bright circle, what soft murmurs run;
A thousand gay characters float in the maze,
Lords, gamblers, fine ladies, all keep up the gaze;
While with neck like a swan, and with high beating breast,
With waist nicely taper'd, and form'd to be press'd,
Scarcely touching the floor, full of frolick and game,
The elegant fair one first challenges fame.

Now the park's thickly throng'd, the high phæton see,
The delicate hunter, gilt coach, vis-a-vis;
Each grace and each charm ev'ry party displays,
And fashion peeps forth in a thousand sweet ways;
While alike fitly bred for the ball-room or course,
The carriage to drive, or to curb the fleet horse;
By this time fair virtue's an obsolete word,
And the elegant fair one's—a whore to a lord.

Grown stale, somewhat aged, unfit for my lord,
Devoid of all passion, her appetites cloy'd;
See beaus and box loungers her pedigree trace,
Tell whose she has been from the groom to his grace;
And what style she has liv'd in, with pleasure count o'er,
As they loiter their time at some bagnio door;

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While with poverty sunk, and diseases weigh'd down,
The elegant fair one's—a girl on the town.

At length from St. James's to Wapping she strays,
Her blood all polluted, her system decays;
On straw, at some bunter's, she gives up her breath,
Or in some filthy kennel's arrested by death.
Who so lately each pomp and each gaiety knew,
Is now left a horrible sight to the view;
Her relicks, a pitying crowd now behold,
And the elegant fair one—to the surgeons is sold.

LOCHABER.

(A FAVOURITE SCOTCH SONG.)

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I have many days been!
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
Weel may be return to Lochaber no more.

These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
And not for the dangers attendant on war;
Tho' borne on rough seas to a far distant shore,
May be to return to Lochaber no more.

The hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
They ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind.
Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
That's nothing like leaving my love on the shore:

To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd,
By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jenny, must plead my excuse,
Since honour commands, how can I refuse;

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Without it I ne'er can have merit with thee,
And without thy favour I'd better ne'er be:

I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
And should I but chance to come gloriously hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

THE JUBILEE-YEAR.

Tune—*Batchelors Hall.*

YE mortals who revel on life's busy stage,
And censure obliquely the wits of the age,
Attend to our summons, devoid of all care,
And with us the joys of great Bacchus come share;
For while the dull muckworm's existing on earth,
We bury despair in the regions of mirth.

CHORUS.

Drink away, drink away, to our precepts adhere,
To welcome with pleasure the jubilee-year.

To Anacreon we Bacchants the glass consecrate,
Disdaining, like Plato, to envy the great;
Truly noble in *tactics*, the world we defy,
The *bottle's our rudder*, while time passes by;
At the true feast of reason those moments we seize,
Rosy wine is the balm of contentment and ease.
Drink away, &c.

Then fill up with nectar the sweet rosy bowl,
The health-cheering liquor, delight of my soul,
True friendship so sacred our maxims shall own,
While bumpers we quaff to great George on the throne:
May the genius of Britain her conquests extend,
And the *tars on the ocean* their country defend.
Drink away, &c.

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BLUE PETER.

BLUE Peter at the mast-head flew,
And to the girls we bid adieu,
Weigh'd anchor and made sail.
The boatswain blew hs whistle shrill,
The reefs, shook out, began to fill,
We caught a fav'ring gale.
And with a can of flip,
To cheer the honest heart,
Thus gaily may we trip.
Lara, lara la, lara lara la!

We cruiz'd along the coast of France,
But not a Mounsieur gave us chance,
We did, my lads, our best;
We drank, and laugh'd, and sung together,
We kept the sea; nor car'd for weather,
'Twas all the same to Jack.
And with a can of flip, &c.

Oft running large, short miles we trac'd,
And now, close-haul'd, the yards sharp-brac'd,
Thus, and no near! the cry;
Now tacking, swearing, lashing, steering,
While away the chace is bearing,
To have a brush damn'd shy.
[*Speaks.*]—And now and then a shot we try, to bring them too, whether it hits or not:
And with a can of flip, &c.

Sometimes, while squalls have o'er us swept,
High at the mast-head watch I've kept;
We did, my lads. our best:
Still on the look-out for a rumpus,
At ev'ry corner of the compass,
The north, south, east, and west.
[*Speaks.*]—S. and by W.—N. N. E.—S. S. W.—N. E. by N.—S. W. by S.—N. E.—S. W.—N. E. by N.

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—S. W. by S.—E. N. E.—W. S. W.—E. by. N.—W. by S.—Aye, dam'me, North, South, East, West, and every corner of the compass:
And with a can of flip, &c.

SEA-SONG.

Tune—*The Dusky Night.*

TO all those lovely girls on shore
We sailors bid adieu,
Our loss they feelingly deplore,
Our loss they feelingly deplore,
Farewell to Sal and Sue,
For the boatswain pipes all hands, &c.

To veer ship now we lads prepare,
The windward course to steer,
True British hearts devoid of care,
The craggy shore to clear,
For the boatswain pipes all hands, &c.

To meet the proud and daring foe,
So boldly we advance,
Thro' calms and storms we cheerful go,
To humble drooping France.
But the boatswain pipes all hands, &c.

And when the thundering cannon roar,
Each tight lad plays his part,
Can hearts of oak, when try'd, do more,
French lubbers feel the smart.
But the boatswain pipes all hands, &c.

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THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

'TWAS summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree:
At the foot of a rock, where the river was flowing,
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.
Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on, thou sweet river;
Thy banks, purest streams, shall be dear to me ever;
For there I first gain'd the affection and favour
Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,
To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he;
And, ah! there's no hope of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
He's gone, helpless youth! o'er the rude roaring billows;
The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows;
And left me to stray 'mongst the once loved willows,
The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my pray'rs may perhaps yet restore him;
Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me:
And when he returns with such care I'll watch o'er him,
He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.
The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying;
The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing;
While I with my Jamie are carelessly playing
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. Munden, at Covent Garden Theatre.

WHEN the moon shines o'er the deep,
Ackee-O—Ackee-O—
And whisker'd Dons are fast asleep,
Snoring, fast asleep,

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From their huts the negroes run,
Full of frolic, full of fun,
Holiday to keep.
'Till morn they dance the merry round,
To the fife and cymbal.
See, so brisk,
How they frisk,
Airy, gay, and nimble!
With gestures antic,
Joyous, frantic,
They dance the merry round,
Ackee-O—Ackee-O
To the cymbal's sound.

Black lad whispers to black lass,
Ackee-O—Ackee-O—
Glances sly between them pass,
Of beating hearts to tell.
Tho' no blush can paint her cheek,
Still her eyes the language speak
Of passion, quite as well,
Till morn, &c.

SONG.

Written by the Earl of Chesterfield.

MISTAKEN fair, lay Sherlock by,
His doctrine is deceiving;
For whilst he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our living.

To die's a lesson we shall know
Too soon, without a master;
Then let us only study, now,
How we may live the faster.

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To live's to love; to bless, be blest
With mutual inclination;
Share, then, my ardour in your breast,
And kindly meet my passion.

But if this bless'd I may not live,
And pity you deny;
To me, at least, your Sherlock give,
'Tis I must learn to die.

EMMA.

SINCE Emma caught my roving eye,
Since Emma fix'd my wav'ring heart,
I long to smile, I scorn to sigh,
But nature triumphs over art.

CHORUS.

If such the hapless moments prove,
Ah! who would give his heart to love?

If frowns and sighs, and cold disdain,
Be meet return for love like mine;
If cruel Emma scoffs my pain,
And archly wonders why I pine:
If such, &c.

But should the lovely girl relent;
Oh!—when I wish, and sigh, and vow,
Should she with blushes smile consent,
And heart for heart, well pleas'd, bestow;

CHORUS.

Should such the blissful moment prove,
Who would not give his heart to love?

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ADVICE TO THE FAIR.

YE fair possess'd of ev'ry charm,
To captivate the will,
Whose smiles can rage itself disarm,
Whose frowns at once can kil',
Say, will ye deign the verse to hear,
Where flatt'ry bears no part,
An honest verse, that flows sincere,
And candid from the heart.

Great is your power, much greater yet,
Mankind ye might engage,
If, as ye all can make a net,
Ye all could make a cage:
Each nymph a thousand hearts might take,
For who's to beauty blind,
Or who'd a tender pris'ner make,
Unless he'd strength to bind.

Attend the counsel often told,
Too often told in vain,
Learn that best art, the heart to hold,
And lock a lover's chain;
Gamesters to little purpose win,
Who lose again as fast,
Tho' beauty may the charm begin,
'Tis sweetness makes it last.

SONG.

Sung in the Maid of the Oaks.

COME sing round my favourite tree,
Ye songsters that visit the grove;
'Twas the haunt of my shepherd and me,
And the bark is a record of love.

Reclin'd on the turf, by my side,
He tenderly pleaded his cause;
I only with blushes reply'd,
And the nightingale fill'd up the pause.

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FAIR ANNA THAT DWELLS BY THE TYNE.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

HOW sweet are the meadows in spring!
When flow'rets shed round their perfume;
The linnets how sweetly they sing!
And the hedge-roses sweetly they bloom.
To deck the sweet maiden I love,
Both roses and lilies combine;
And no linnet's sweet in the grove,
As Anna, who dwells on the Twine.

What cheers the dull wanderer's way,
When forc'd from his country to roam?
'Tis Hope lends a glimmering ray,
That Fancy directs to his home:
So I, when my labour is o'er,
In sadness at eve oft recline;
Hope points to the maid I adore,
Fair Anna that dwells by the Tyne.

Gay lordlings I'd envy them not,
If from tyrant love I was free,
Contentment would smile on my cot,
If Anna would smile upon me;
With her I'd be free from dull care,
Without her I languish and pine;
'Tis hers to give joy or despair,
Fair Anna that dwells by the Tyne.

THE TIGHT MERRY SOLDIER.

Sung by Miss De Camp.

A TIGHT merry soldier, I'll swagger away,
And threaten the foes of Old England to drub,
I'll rise for parade by the break of the day,
When rous'd by the sound of the rub a dub, dub.

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In camp I'll be merry; and each afternoon,
When duty is over, and nothing to do;
I'll cry, "Little fifer, come strike up a tune,"
And jig it away to his too ta too too.

To be clean on the march will be always my pride,
My spatterdash neat, and my hair in a club;
And if my dear lover should march by my side,
My heart will beat quick to the rub a dub dub.

BOUND 'PRENTICE TO A WATERMAN.

Sung by Mr. Wallack.

BOUND 'prentice to a waterman, I learn'd a bit to row;
But bless your heart, I always was so gay,
That to treat a little water-nymph, who took my heart in tow,
I run'd myself a bit in debt, and then I run'd away.
Singing ri tol fal de ral yeo ho, &c.

'Board a man of war I enter'd next, and learn'd to quaff good flip,
And far from home we scudded on so gay;
I ran my rigs; but lik'd so well my captain, crew, and ship,
That run what will, why damme if ever I run away.
Singing ri tol, &c.

With Drake I've sail'd the world around, and learn'd a
But somehow I a prisoner was ta'en;
So, when the Spanish jailor to my dungeon shew'd a
I blinded just his peepers, and then ran away again.
Sing ri tol, &c.

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I've ran a many risks in life, on ocean and on shore,
  But always, like a Briton, got the day;
And, fighting in Old England's cause, will run as many more,
  But let me face ten thousand foes, will never run away. Singing ri tol, &c.

Song, by Peter Pindar.

WHEN William first woo'd, I said yes to the swain,
  And made him as blest as a lord :
For, ye virgins around, in my speech to be plain,
  That *no* is a dangerous word !
The girl that will always say *no*, I'm afraid,
  Is doom'd by her planet to die an old maid.

The gentlemen seem one and all to agree,
  That we're made of materials for kissing ;
And if so, for I really believe it, good me !
  What joys through one *no* might be missing.
Since the girl who will always say *no*, I'm afraid,
Is doom'd by her planet to die an old maid:

Say *yes*, and of courtship ye finish the toil,
  While mountains at once ye remove ;
Ye brighten the eyes of the swain with a smile,
  For smiles are the sunshine of love!
Say *yes*, and the world will acquit you of art,
Since the tongue will not then give the lie to the heart.

RONDEAU.

MY native land I bade adieu,
  And calmly friendship's joys resign'd,
But ah ! how keen my sorrows grew,
  When my true love I left behind :
But should her truth feel no decay,
  And absence prove my fair one kind,
Then shall not I lament the day
  When my true love I left behind.

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THE SPIRIT.

By Mrs. Radcliffe, Author of the Mysteries of Udolpho.

IN the sightless air I dwell,
On the sloping sun-beams play;
Delve the cavern's inmost cell,
Where never yet did day-light stray.

Dive beneath the green sea waves,
And gambol in the briny deeps;
Skim ev'ry shore that Neptune leaves,
From Lapland's plains to India's steeps.

Oft I mount with rapid force
Above the wide earth's shadowy zone;
Follow the day-star's flaming course
Thro' realms of space to thought unknown:

And listen to celestial sounds
That swell the air, unheard by men,
As I watch my nightly rounds
O'er woody steep and silent glen.

Under the shade of waving trees,
On the green bank of fountain clear,
At pensive eve I sit at ease,
While dying music murmurs near.

And oft, on point of airy clift
That hangs upon the western main,
I watch the gay tints passing swift,
And twilight veil the liquid plain.

Then, when the breeze has sunk away,
And Ocean scarce is heard to lave,
For me the sea-nymphs softly play
Their dulcet shells beneath the wave.

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Their dulcet shells!—I hear them now;
Slow swells the strain upon mine ear;
Now faintly falls—now warbles low,
'Till rapture melts into a tear.

The ray that silvers o'er the dew,
And trembles thro' the leafy shade,
And tints the scene with softer hue,
Calls me to rove the lonely glade.

Or hie me to some ruin'd tow'r,
Faintly shewn by moonlight gleam,
Where the lone wand'rer owns my pow'r
In shadow dire, that substance seem:

In thrilling sounds that murmur woe,
And pausing silence makes more dread;
In music breathing from below
Sad solemn strains, that wake the dead.

Unseen I move—unknown am fear'd;
Fancy's wildest dreams I weave;
And oft by bards my voice is heard
To die along the gales of eve.

SONG.

Tune—*The Roast Beef of Old England.*

WHILST from Egypt's rich coast smiling vict'ry flies,
And notes, the most loyal, ascend to the skies,
Let us join in the praise of this bold enterprise,
And sing—the brave tars of Old England!
And 'tis, O the Old English brave tars!

Our far-fam'd Britannia so justly admir'd,
By th' ocean protected, by commerce attir'd,
Loves the blessings of peace;—but, when she is fir'd,
O then the brave tars!

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Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
Peal on peal contending clash,
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash.
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky;
Different deaths at once surround us:
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The foremast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces;
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
Plumb the well—the leak increases,
Four feet water in the hold!

While o'er The Ship wild waves are beating,
We our wives and children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
Alas! to them there's no return!
Still the leak is gaining on us!
Both chain-pumps are choked below:
Heaven have mercy here upon us!
For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown;
To the pumps come ev'ry hand, boys,
See! our mizen mast is gone.
The leak we've found it cannot pour fast;
We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Up and rig a jury fore-mast,
She rights! she rights, boys! we'st off shore.

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SONG.

(ORIGINAL.)

Tune—*Go to the Devil and shake yourself.*

WHAT matters all bother 'bout this and the other,
Let the world jog as 'twill why I'm always at rest;
I ne'er pops in blarney, nor kicks up a bother,
With my friend, jug, and pipe, I think myself blest:
My life is a round of the sweetest of pleasure,
Each hour as it passes enjoyments do bring,
And gaily at eve I tript to the measure
Of pipe and of tabor, and joyously sing—

CHORUS

Our country, our rights, and our laws we'll maintain,
No party or faction our int'rests shall sever;
My toast then be this: "The brave lads on the main,
King George and his Queen, may they both live for ever."

Come, push round the bottle, confusion to sadness,
To be thinking on any thing now would be folly;
While we journey on earth 'tis surely a madness
To sacrifice time to a dull melancholy:
With care, from your hearts, drive all malice and rancour,
They are poisonous weeds, and no blessing can bring,
But spreading around them a dread venom'd canker,
Will render you hateful, then no more will you sing—

CHORUS.

Our country, our rights, and our laws we'll maintain,
No party or faction our int'rests shall sever;
My toast then be this: "The brave lads on the main,
King George and his Queen, may they both live for ever."

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THE POOR SHIPWRECK'D BOY.

(ORIGINAL.)

By Mr. T. Inskip.

THE night darkly lour'd, the fierce tempest rav'd,
A rude gust of wind dash'd the ship to and fro,
When she struck on a rock, scarce a soul was there sav'd,
And she sunk overwhelm'd in the abyss below.

Sam Truelove and I, with two or three more,
By a miracle 'scap'd,—tho' I can't tell for why;
On a piece of the mainmast I floated ashore,
Where I mourn the sad fate of a poor Shipwreck'd Boy.

How hard is my fate, from my messmates I'm torn,
My messmates, the kindest and faithfulest friends;
A poor houseless stranger I wander forlorn,
Subsisting on nought, save what charity lends.

Tho' the tempest was cruel no pray'rs could subdue,
All relentless so many poor souls to destroy;
Far more cruel the heart, that unpitying can view,
And deny a relief to the poor Shipwreck'd Boy.

Four actions I've seen under Nelson and Howe,
Some glory from either I justly might claim;
My country I love, ne'er so happy I vow
As when guarding its shores, or advancing its fame.

Now fortune's revers'd, and I'm plung'd in distress,
Not an object I view can afford any joy;
Then pity my fate, and that hour you'll bless,
When kindly relieving a poor Shipwreck'd Boy.

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SONG.

By E. S. J. Author of William and Ellen.

THE gude man turn'd the barn door key,
The nowte were in the byre;
The gude wife span wi' muckle glee,
The weans play'd rown the fire.

I sat me in the ingle nook,
And joked wi' my luver,
But a' the jokes that I cou'd crack,
The deel a ane could muve her.

I saw the draps rin happing doon,
And o'er her cheeks sae fairly;
And ev'ry tear that wat the grun,
It touch'd my heart fou fairly.

I scarcely dou to spear the cause,
That set my luve a greeting;
I little kend she thought me fause,
And sair my heart was beeting.

Wae me! she told me a' her fears,
She said I wink'd at Jenny,
Which was the cause o' a' her tears;
She thought I loo'd na Annie.

O! gie me sic a lass as this,
And fortune I despise her,
Wi' Annie's luve I'll live in bliss,
And fashion ne'er disguise her.

Let fortune now, do what she dow,
Wi' Annie always smiling,
I hae no cares, I hae no fears,
But saft doon life a sailing.

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SKIPPING ROPES.

A favourite Song, by Mr. C. Dibdin, Jun.

YOUR ladies of fashion who freely subscribe
To ev'ry whim folly may chance to imbibe,
With Skipping Ropes pleasantly pass time away,
And skip up and down just like kittens at play.
With a fal de riddle, lal de riddle, lal de riddle.

'Tis a strange thing for ladies to carry a rope,
It isn't for an emblem of marriage I hope;
They hang in a string all their love-making elves,
And when they get married their beaux hang themselves.
With my fal, &c.

We call ladies belles, and as puns please the crowd,
To call their ropes, Bell-Ropes we may be allow'd;
And our ladies are made of right bell-metal stuff,
For we all know their clappers go merry enough.
With my fal, &c.

But Skipping on Ropes i'n't confin'd to our belles,
There's the mighty Rope Dancer at Sadler's Wells;
But to some folks compar'd to the ground he must fall,
For I've seen people dance upon nothing at all.
With my fal, &c.

But the best sight of all is our sailors to see
Who skip up a rope like a cat up a tree;
Like a good cable rope they our nation defend,
And treat all our enemies with a *Rope's End.*
With my fal, &c.

May the law in a Rope catch your *forestalling elves!*
But give them Rope enough and they'll soon hang themselves;
And then quartern loaves will be plenty I hope,
And be sold just like onions a "*Penny a Rope!*"
With my fal, &c.

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THE VILLAGE LOVERS.

Written by Mr. Cross.

WILLIAM and Anne were lovers true,
In the same village infants rear'd,
In childhoods pranks affection grew,
Which youthful passion more endear'd.
To serve his king o'er ocean bound,
The battle's rage had Will defy'd,
And with success and glory crown'd,
Return'd to make his Anne a bride.

The morn was fix'd, so smart array'd,
Will to the steeple led the way,
When springing from a neighbouring glade,
A press-gang darted on their prey;
He check'd a tear that wrung his heart,
Exclaim'd to Anne, who pallid grew—
"'Tis for my country's good we part,"
Then heav'd a sigh, and bade adieu.

Borne from his Anne wide o'er the main,
Alas! she never look'd up more;
A burning fever wreck'd her brain,
A beating heart her bosom tore.
The ship some leagues had sail'd from land,
Vain 'gainst the feelings William strove;
Fancy pourtray'd her on the strand,
O'er board he leap'd to meet his love.

The cruel waves he beat amain,
Within a cable's length of shore,
Made one sad effort to regain,
But sunk, alas! to rise no more.
His pallid corse when Anne espy'd,
Who dar'd the tempest's terror brave,
She shriek'd, breath'd out his name, and died,
Both now repos'd in one cold grave.

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THE PLAINS OF BASRA.

Written by J. Dell.

COMPOSED BY MR. BARTHELEMON.

NOT a passion to weaken the frame,
A thought that might trouble the mind,
Not action that might kindle a flame,
O'er Basra in vain can I find.

What tho' the world rectitude shun,
Yet in the green groves I retire,
And I catch the bright rays of the sun
To give force, or to soften my lyre,

Let birth, tho' with grandeur surrounded,
Nor the portion of state it may gain,
Tho' the eye with the lustre confounded
Repeat with the flattering pain.

How sweet the aspiring lark warbles
To music when echo's resound,
With grace far above human baubles,
While the hare lightly skips o'er the ground.

Not the perfume round Taurus that flows
More reviving or simple the swains,
Or more sweet the ethereal rose
Than Basra which crown her gay plains.

When blessings crown virtue and truth,
Bless others, and greet the return,
'Tis the nobler possession of youth,
Tho' under the tropic they burn.

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CYNTHIA THINKS OF ME NO MORE.

GAY prospects drest in all the charms
Which art with happy nature blends;
Why fill my heart with false alarms?
While deep regret my bosom rends.
While faithless Cynthia in my heart,
Retains a warm, a tender part,
And there she triumphs as before,
Tho' Cynthia thinks of me no more.

Ye barren rocks that proudly rise
High o'er the chrystal waves of Dee,
Have ye not echo'd Cynthia's sighs,
And often heard her vow to me?
Those hills should from the scene remove,
Or sink ere she would cease to love:
They stand majestic as of yore,
Tho' Cynthia thinks of me no more.

When pleasure wing'd the rosy hours,
Ah! swore she not—perfidious maid!
Beneath your shades, ye conscious bowers,
The forest like the leaf should fade,
And ruthless destiny subdue
Its pride ere she would prove untrue:
Yet still it prospers as before,
Tho' Cynthia thinks of me no more.

And thou, chaste regent of the night,
Whose lucid rays, that softly beam,
Fling o'er the trees their silvery light,
And quiver on the mantling stream!
Say, did they not as brightly shine
When Cynthia vow'd she would be mine?
When endless constancy she swore,
Tho' Cynthia thinks of me no more.

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Gay haunts of youth! delightful groves!
Where first my heart was captive made—
Calm scenes, where sad remembrance loves
To dwell on joys for ever fled!
Let not the perjur'd Cynthia know
Ye saw my proud heart swell with woe;
Or that my sighs your echoes bore!
But—Cynthia thinks of me no more!

THE VIRGIN I LOVE.

SWEET, sweet, at the close of the day,
Is the nightingale's song from the grove;
But sweeter than Philomel's lay
Is the voice of the virgin I love.

For 'tis there o'er the green velvet lawn,
That I hie to the hallow'd alcove;
And drink fresher dews than the dawn,
From the lip of the virgin I love.

Soft, soft in the pillow of down,
Where mortals seek permanent rest;
But to me (tho' it mads me) to own,
Softer far's that soft sofa, her breast.

For 'tis there that alone I enjoy,
Ye Gods! your full love without heav'n;
The transports that never can cloy,
And the only true foretaste of heav'n.

A HUNTING SONG.

THE echoing horn calls the sportsmen abroad;
To horse, my brave boys, and away:
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
Upbraids our too tedious delay.

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What pleasure we feel in pursuing the fox!
O'er hill, and o'er valley, he flies:
Then follow; we'll soon overtake him—huzza!
The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
Like Bachanals, shouting and gay,
How sweet with a bottle and lass to refresh,
And lose the fatigues of the day!
With sport, love and wine, fickle fortune defy
Dull wisdom all happiness sours:
Since life is no more than a passage, at best,
Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

JOCKEY OF THE GREEN.

NO mair ye bonny lasses gay,
Your blithsome sonnets now display,
For Jem of Aberdeen,
But join your voices now with me,
And as we gang along the Lee,
Sing Jockey of the Green.

His locks like ony sun-beams play,
When Phœbus gilds the first of May,
His ruddy face is seen,
And then he trips with sic a grace,
All other lads to him give place,
Sweet Jockey of the Green.

At kirk he says he'll take my hand.
Who can his bonny suit withstand,
He smiles sa sweet I ween:
I vow my heart cannot deny,
Wi' his kind wish I shall comply,
My Jockey of the Green.

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SUMMER'S TREASURES.

Written by John Dell;

Composed and Dedicated to Mrs. E. Henslow.

BEAUTEOUS image smile with pleasure,
Covering nature's placid face;
Open all your glittering treasure,
And with this shew ev'ry grace.

Hills on hills with verdure flowing,
Prospects which allure the sight;
Clouds no more obscure their glowing,
But the whole returns to light.

Asia's fragrance here unfolded,
Riches endless brings to view,
On the face of nature molded,
Peace and every object new.

Mantling o'er the warbling current,
Flowers of beauty bend their bow,
While the trav'ler still on errant
Embrace the stream, and prostrate low.

Bending in travail the treasure
Of the summer's bounteous care,
Chears the captive beyond measure,
And music wakes the silent air.

If we look around the mountains
Treasures there we now behold;
Silvers issues from the fountains,
And the scattering rains are gold.

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THE JOYS OF MARRIAGE.

(ORIGINAL.)

Written by Mr. Upton, and Sung by Mr. Dignum.

THE MUSIC BY MR. SANDERSON.

I ONCE lov'd a maid, and she lov'd me again,
And truly our bliss knew no measure;
So *marry'd* we were, then *bliss* turn'd to *pain*,
Tho' *marriage* they say is a *pleasure*.
Yes, but the *comforts* to *me* were deny'd,
For *Fanny*, *before* so kind hearted,
Ran *off* with a *Captain*, to humble my pride,
So *Fanny* and *I* are now *parted*.

Six weeks and a day we were wedded 'tis true,
And scarcely the *honey-moon* over;
When *Fanny* the *fond*, from her *benedict* flew,
And transferr'd her *love* to another.
Yet, this I confess was the least of the strife,
(So *tender* was she, and kind hearted,)
Ten thousand in *debt*, I was left by my *wife*,
Ere *Fanny* and *I* was once *parted*.

Doctors Commons at last put an end to my *grief*,
Where things for a time rather tarry'd,
Till fortune good-naturedly granted *relief*,
And *Fanny* and *I* were—*unmarry'd*.
And if *I* e'er venture on *wedlock* again,
Or trust to a woman *false-hearted*,
May she prove a *jilt*, and to heighten my pain,
May *she* and *I never* be *parted*.

CALEB QUOTEM.

I'M parish clerk and sexton here:
My name is Caleb Quotem:
I'm painter, glazier, auctioneer;
In short, I am *factotem*.

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I make a watch—I mend the pumps:
For plumber's work my knack is:
I physic sell—I cure the mumps;
I tombstones cut—I cut the rumps
Of little school-boy Jackies.
Geography is my delight;
Ballads—Epitaphs I write;
Almanacks I can indite;
Graves I dig, compact and tight:
At dusk by the fire, like a good jolly cook,
When my day's work is done, and all over,
I tipple, I smoke, and I wind up the clock,
With my sweet Mrs. Quotem, in clover.
With my amen, gaymen,
Rum Quotem,
Factotum;
Putty and lead;
Stumps, mumps;
Bumps, rumps,
Mortar he thumps;
Signy-post daubery,
Split-crow, or strawberry,
Chimery, rhimery,
Liquorish, stickorish,
Chizzle tomb,
Frizzle tomb,
Going, a-going!
Squills, pills,
Song inditing, epitaph writing,
Steeple sound, corpse to ground:
Windsor soap, physick the pope;
Home hop, shut up shop;
Punch-bowl crockery, wind up clockery.
Many small articles make up a sum;
I dabble in all—I'm merry and rum;
And 'tis heigho! for Caleb Quotem, O!

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LORD NELSON'S RETURN FROM THE NILE.

Sung by Mr. Munden.

AT my ditty, I'm certain, each Briton will smile,
For it tells of a hero return'd from the Nile;
Where, like MARLBRO' so cruel ('tis sung by Old Wives)
"He beat those who had never been beat in their lives."
Derry down, &c.

In Toulon long time did Monsieur chuse to be,
Tho' he ne'er stays in port but when we are at sea;
Then swears we shan't beat him, and swears very right,
For his way to prevent it is—never to fight.
Derry down, &c.

At Malta they touch'd, and they took it, good lack!
Just to give us the trouble of taking it back:
Little thinking the prelude it prov'd to their LOSSES,
And that Malta to them wou'd produce only CROSSES.
Derry down, &c.

At Aboukir, they haul'd up so close on the strand,
They swore NELSON shou'd ne'er get 'twixt them and the land;
Says the Tar, "'Tisn't manners to give folks the lie,
It may be I can't, but by jingo I'll try."
Derry down, &c.

After toil, danger, conquest, and glory you view,
The Hero return'd who succeeded for you;
What lustre your smiles on the Tar must reflect,
Who a Country like this could defend and protect.
Derry down, &c.

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May peace be the end of the strife we maintain,
For our FREEDOM, our KING, and our right to the main;
We're content to shake hands—if they wont, why what then?
We must send our brave NELSON to thrash 'em again.
Derry down, &c.

LOVE'S A MIGHTY PRETTY THEME.

Sung in the Comic Opera of Wilmore Castle.

LOVE'S a mighty pretty theme,
For a waking thought or dream,
Feel you master Cupid's dart?
'Tis a theme to make one jolly,
Serious, gay, or melancholy—
Have you got it in your heart?
But to get a *shot* of *lead*—
What is *love* when I am *dead!*—

When awake, love merry plays
With your heart a thousand ways,
Won't you Cupid's pranks allow?
And when winking, leering, sighing,
And to sweetheart say you're dying,
Don't you feel you can't tell how?
But to feel a *shot* of *lead*—
What's a *sweetheart* when I'm *dead!*

In a dream with humour droll,
Love makes wise men play the fool,
Shade for substance how they take!
Fancy sets them briskly wooing—
Toying, clasping, billing, cooing—
Disappointed how they wake!
But to *clasp* a *shot* of *lead*—
Pretty *cooing* when I'm *dead!*

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WE BE SOLDIERS THREE.

A GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

WE be soldiers three;
Pardonez moi, je vous en prie;
Lately come forth of the low country,
With never a penny of money.

Here good fellow I drink to thee;
Pardonez, &c.
To all good fellows wherever they be;
With never a penny of money.

And he that will not pledge me in this,
Pardonez, &c.
Pays for the shot wherever it is,
With never a penny of money.

Charge it again, boys, charge it again,
Pardonnez, &c.
As long as there is any ink in my pen,
With never a penny of money.

A SUP OF GOOD WHISKEY.

A SUP of good whiskey will make you glad;
Too much of the creature will make you mad;
If you take it in reason 'twill make you wise;
If you drink to excess it will close up your eyes;
Yet father and mother,
And sister and brother,
They all love a sup in their turn.

Some preachers will tell you to drink is bad,
I think so too—if there's none to be had:
The swaddler will bid you drink none at all,
But while I can get it, a fig for them all,
Both laymen and brother,
In spite of this pother,
Will all take a sup in their turn.

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Some doctors will tell ye 'twill hurt your health,
And justice will say, 'twill reduce your wealth,
Physicians and lawyers will all agree,
When your money's all gone, they can get no fee;
Yet surgeon and doctor,
And lawyer and proctor,
Will all take a sup in their turn.

The Turks, who arriv'd from the Port sublime,
They told us that drinking was held a great crime;
Yet after their dinner, away they slunk,
And tippled their wine, 'till they got quite drunk.
The Sultan and Crommet,
And even Mahomet,
And all take a sup in their turn.

The Quakers will bid you from drink abstain,
By yea, and by nay, 'tis a fault in the Vain;
Yet some of the Broadbrims will get to the stuff,
And tipple away 'till they've tippled enough.
For stiff rump and steady,
And Solomon's lady,
Would all take a sup in their turn.

The Germans will say they can drink the most,
The French and Italians will also boast,
Hibernia's the country, for all their noise,
For generous drinking and hearty boys;
There each jovial fellow,
Will drink 'till he's mellow,
And take off his glass in his turn.

SONG.

WHEN first I saw young CAROL's face
I mark'd his mein and matchless grace:
Yet heeded not his wheedling tongue,
Tho' oft he spoke, and oft he sung
Of love, love, love!
Tho' oft he spoke, and oft he sung
Of love, love, love!

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I join'd him in each tender air,
As far as modest maiden dare;
Then silent heard his tuneful tongue,
For still the burthen of his song
Was love, love, love!
And still the burthen of his song
Was love, love, love!

At length the varied strains ran through,
I somehow learnt the chorus too;
For sweet was sure his wheedling tongue,
And sweet the burden of his song
Of love, love, love!
Yes, sweet the burden of his song
Of love, love, love!

Nor evermore could I repeat
The strains I thought so passing sweet;
For such his heav'nly wheedling tongue,
I only join'd him when he sung
Of love, love, love!
No never——but when CAROL sung
Of love, love, love!

MONOPOLY.

Sung by Mr. Davis.

MONOPOLY'S now the grand rub,
And from it less harm would ensue,
If those who monopolize grub,
Would monopolize appetites too.
And monopoly's like to increase,
For our *very* good friends we know where,
Have among 'em monopoliz'd peace,
And left us to fight for our share.
Tol lol de rol, &c.

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The Turks they monopolize wives;
And by some wicked folks 'tis said,
That's the reason why Turks all their lives
Wears each a half moon on his head;
And we know, tho' each marry'd man here
Finds *one* wife enough for his share,
And beef's so confoundedly dear,
There's cattle enough at Horn-fair.

Yet candour might surely excuse
Of monopolists some sorry elves;
For doctors would be of great use,
If they'd take all their physic themselves.
Of lawyers, why much one can't say;
Their practice I would not condemn;
But some people think, by the way,
Old Nick will monopolize them.

Monopoly thrives every way,
The assertion will stand by the test,
For *truth* always carries the day,
And we all know the *naked truth's* best.
That's the reason our ladies forsooth,
Captivate both the bashful and bluff:
For they're surely the 'semblance of *truth;*
And, ecod, they go naked enough.

May the rich ease the poor of their cares,
'Twould the sweetest monopoly bring;
They'd gain all their hearts and their pray'rs,
Like his honour, our father, the King!
May Britons each other befriend;
For unity's England's best hope;
And may every monopolist's end
Be join'd to the end of a rope!

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ERE AROUND THE HUGE OAK.

ERE around the huge oak that o'ershadows yon mill,
The fond-ivy had dar'd to entwine;
Ere the church was a ruin that nods on the hill,
Or a rook built its nest on the pine:

Could I trace back the time, a far distant date,
Since my forefathers toil'd in this field;
And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate,
Is the same that my grandfather till'd.

He dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,
Which, unsully'd, descended to me;
For my child I've preserv'd it unblemish'd with shame,
And it still from a spot shall be free.

HONEST JOHN BULL AND HIS MOTHER.

Sung by Mr. Munden.

HERE'S a health to old honest John Bull,
When he's gone we shan't find such another;
With hearts and with glasses brimful,
Here's a health to Britannia, his mother;
For she gave him a good education;
Bid him keep to his church and his king;
Be loyal and true to his nation;
And then to be merry and sing
Fol de rol lol de rol lol, &c.

For John is a good-natur'd fellow,
Industrious, honest, and brave;
Not afraid of his betters when mellow,
For betters he knows he must have.

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There must be fine lords, and fine ladies,
  There must be some little, some great;
Their wealth the support of our trade is,
  Our trade the support of the state.
    Fol de rol, &c.

Some were born for the court and the city,
  And some for the village and cot;
For 'twould be a dolorous ditty,
  Were we all born equal in lot.
If our ships had no pilots to steer,
  What wou'd come of poor Jack on the shrouds?
And our troops, no commanders to fear,
  Wou'd soon be arm'd robbers in crowds.
    Fol de rol, &c.

The plough and the loom wou'd stand still,
  Were we made gentlemen all;
All clodhoppers, who then would fill
  The parliament, pulpit, and hall?
Rights of man made a very fine sound,
  Equal riches, a plausible tale;
Whose labours wou'd then till the ground?
  All wou'd drink, but who'd brew the best ale?
    Fol de rol, &c.

Half naked and starv'd in the street,
  Where we wander about, Sans Culottes,
Wou'd liberty find us in meat,
  Or eqality lengthen our coats?
That knaves are for lev'ling no wonder,
  You may easily guess at their views;
Pray who'd get the most by the plunder?
  Why they that have nothing to lose.
    Fol de rol, &c.

Then away with such nonsense and stuff,
  Full of treason, confusion, and blood;
Ev'ry Briton has freedom enough
  To be happy, as long as he's good;

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To be rul'd by a merciful king;
To be govern'd by jury and laws;
Then let us be merry and sing,
This, this is true liberty's cause.
Fol de rol, &c.

SINCE OUR FOES TO INVADE US.

Sung by Mr. Townsend.

SINCE our foes to invade us have long been preparing,
'Tis clear they consider we've something worth sharing,
And for that mean to visit our shore;
It behoves us, however, with spirit to meet 'em,
And tho' 'twill be nothing uncommon to beat 'em,
We must try how they'll take it once more.

CHORUS.

So fill, fill your glasses, and be this the toast giv'n,
Here's England for ever! the land, boys, we live in.

Here's a health to our tars on the wide ocean ranging,
Perhaps even now some broadsides are exchanging,
We'll on ship-board and join in the fight:
And, when with the foe we are firmly engaging,
'Till the fire of our guns lulls the sea in its raging,
On our country we'll think with delight.
So fill, fill your glasses, &c.

On that throne where once Alfred with glory was seated,
Long, long, may our king by his people be greeted!
Oh, to guard him we'll be of one mind:
May religion, law, order, be strictly defended,
And continue the blessings they first were intended,
In union the nation to bind.
So fill, fill the glasses, &c.

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A POT OF PORTER, HO

Sung by Mr. Townsend.

WHEN to Old England I come home,
Fal lal, &c.
What joy to see the tankard foam.
Fal lal, &c.
When treading London's well-known ground,
If e'er I feel my spirits tire,
I haul my sail, look up around,
In search of *Whitbread's best entire.*
I spy the name of *Culvert*,
Of *Curtis, Cox*, and *Co.*
I give a cheer and bawl for't,
A pot of porter, ho!
When to Old England I come home,
What joy to see the tankard foam;
With heart so light, and frolick high,
I drink it off to Liberty.

Where wine or water can be found,
Fal lal, &c.
I've travell'd far the world around,
Fal lal, &c.
Again I hope before I die,
Of England's cann the taste to try;
For, many a league I'd go about,
To take a draught of *Gifford's* stout:
I spy the name of *Trueman*,
Of *Maddox, Meux*, and *Co.*
The sight makes a new man,
A pot of porter, ho!

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MEDLEY.

By Mr. Briton.

ASK me for a song? Egad, you'll soon wish you hadn't!
My taste, as well as voice, having nought but what's bad in't.
But, since upon me 'twas your will to call,
I'll do my best endeavour to sing—
How sweet in the woodlands—
Four-and-twenty drummers all on a row:
There was tantararara, I rub a dub, adub, adub,—
And a long-tail pig, a short-tail pig,
And a pig with a curly tail;
A sow-pig, a boar-pig,—
And Dorothy Dump, who'd mutter and mump, and cry,—
Oh, dear o' me, what shall I do?
You love not me, yet I love you!
Whene'er my torments I disclose
You cry—
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh, dear! what can the matter be? with—
Tabitha Twist, who'd a mind to be kiss'd,
And cry'd, "For you, Walter, I die!"—
"Die, and be d—n'd, then," says I.—
So I took my departure from *this damsel* so pretty,
And for England's *own* self o'er the seas—
We canter'd along until it grew dark,
Galloping dreary dun.—
The nightingale sung—
Peaceful slumb'ring on the ocean,
Sailors fear no dangers nigh.—
When up came a cobler, whose name it was Stout,
Fal, lal, lal, lal.
And he took up his lap-stone, and knock'd out—

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The little farthing rushlight,
Fal, lal, lal, lal.
The little farthing rushlight.
Then Sir Solomon he out of bed popt his toes,
And vastly he swore and very much did curse light;
Then up to the chimney Sir Solomon he goes,—
And roll'd about—
An old woman clothed in grey,
Whose daughter was charming and young,
And she was deluded away—
At the dead of the nigh when with whisky inspir'd,—
I jump'd upon land to my neck up in water,
Or I'll never more sing about—
An old woman, God bless her?
Who threw her leg over the dresser,
A ten-penny nail hitch'd in her tail,
And tore out—
Four-and-twenty barbers all on a row:
There was frizze, frizpowder, and pomatum,
Two ruffles and never a shirt;
'Tis cursed hard times, your honours, but—
I'd no more mind the times than a puff of dumpling dust,
But my wife,—Oh! she's the plague of my life;
For, last night, I caught her lock'd up with—
A flaxen-headed plough-boy, as simple as may be,—
But no matter for that,
For my trade comes as pat,
They all come as pat as they can:
So for shaving or tooth-drawing,
Bleeding, cabbaging, or sawing,
Dicky Gossip, Dicky Gossip, is the man.

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ENCORE! ENCORE! ENCORE!

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

THRO' life's pursuit whate'er we start,
Whatever rank sustain,
We wish, if well we play our part,
To play it o'er again:
The grave, the gay, the young, the old,
Ere yet the scene be o'er,
Rejoice, when by their country told
To act that scene *encore!*
Greatly done—nobly won—
Honour's guide—nation's pride—
Bravely storm'd—well perform'd,
Encore, encore, encore!

Still, tho' with humbler talents grac'd,
Hope animates our cause,
For fancy'd wit, or shape, or taste,
We smirk, and ask applause:
The maid and mistress—clown and fop,
Your fav'ring smiles implore,
Who strum the harp, or twirl the mop,
All seek that word *encore!*
What a maid—who's afraid!
Finger, voice—take your choice!
Flounces, frills—shaves and trills;
Encore, encore, encore!

The brown, the fair, the squab, the lank,
Their sev'ral charms expose,
Whether a dumplin, or a plank,
All move as fashion goes;

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Flat pan-cake Miss, in close tight bound,
Her flatness mark the more;
And Miss, not quite so long as round,
A breast-work adds—*encore!*
What a taste—such a waist!
Each in wig—how they jig
O'er the ground—round and sound—
Encore, encore, encore!

Bobby the crop, the buck and the beau,
Scorns science, learning, pelf—
What does he love, then?—ladies?—no,
He only loves himself;
Tho' free from gold, his manners prove
He has some brass in store,
And when you praise what most he loves,
He echoes your *encore!*
'Tis in truth—such a youth—
With his dock—stock and block—
How he walks—how he talks—
Encore, encore, encore!

Some good we can't enjoy too long
Could that come o'er again;
I mean (and you'll approve my song)
Our Sov'reign's virtuous reign:
Me!—whose glad life for you is spent,
To rouse exertion more;
Perhaps with these poor strains content,
You'll kindly say *encore!*
That's the thing—bless the King—
Whilst you live—would you thrive—
Night and day—roar away—
Encore, encore, encore!

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'TWAS ON A DISMAL NIGHT.

Sung by Mr. Dowton.

'TWAS on a dismal night
When scarce a star gave light,
And that hail came ratling down
With a peppering on my crown,
That I resolv'd upon a matter:
This matter was of love,
And I as fierce as Jove;
But my charmer was lock'd up
At a castle's very top
Yet I had fix'd to be at her.

A whistle then was mine,
My fair one knew the sign,
And directly to my hopes
Threw a ladder down of ropes,
When I mount without delay, Sir:
And when I got on high,
And did my charmer spy,
I took her in my arm,
And descended without harm,
And carried off—ouray, Sir!

NATTY SAM.

A TINKER I am, my name's Natty Sam,
From morn to night I trudge it;
So low is my fate, my pers'nal estate,
Lies all within my budget.

CHORUS.

Work for the tinker, ho! good wives,
They are lads of mettle;
'Twere well if you could mend your lives,
As I can mend a kettle.

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The man of war, the man of the bar,
Physicians, priests, freethinkers,
That rove up and down great London town,
What are they all? but tinkers.
Work for the tinker, &c.

Those among the great, who tinker the state,
And badger the minority;
Pray what's the end of their work, my friend?
But to rivet a good majority.
Work for the tinker, &c.

This mends his name, that cobbles his fame,
That tinkers his reputation;
And thus, had I time, I could prove in my rhyme
Jolly tinkers are all the nation.
Work for the tinker, &c.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

ON Richmond Hill there lives a lass,
More bright than May-day morn:
Whose charms all other maids surpass,
A rose without a thorn.

CHORUS.

This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good will;
I'd crowns resign to call her mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,
And wanton thro' the grove;
O whisper to my charming fair—
I die for her in love.
This lass so neat, &c.

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How happy will the shepherd be,
Who calls this nymph his own:
O may her choice be fix'd on me,
Mine's fix'd on her alone.
This lass so neat, &c.

JACK RATLIN.

JACK Ratlin was the ablest seaman,
None like him could hand, reef, or steer,
No dang'rous toil but he'd encounter,
With skill, and in contempt of fear.
In fight a lion,—the battle ended,
Meek as the bleating lamb he'd prove;
Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit,
Yet did he sigh, and all for love.

The song, the jest, the flowing liquor,
For none of these had Jack regard;
He, while his messmates were carousing,
High sitting on his pending yard,
Would think upon his fair one's beauties,
Swear never from such charms to rove;
That truly he'd adore them living,
And, dying, sigh—to end his love.

The same express the crew commanded
Once more to view their native land,
Amongst the rest brought Jack some tidings;
Would it had been his love's fair hand!
Oh! Fate! her death defac'd the letter—
Instant his pulse forgot to move!
With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted,
He heav'd a sigh!—and dy'd for love.

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A LANDLORD IS A SUPPLE BLADE.

Sung by Mr. Suet.

A LANDLORD is a supple blade,
He bows to all that come, Sir;
And if he well has learnt his trade,
He'll drink wine, beer, or rum, Sir.
On his coming—coming—
When the bell rings.

A landlord's is a sweet employ,
When guests can smart away, Sir;
And over measure runs his joy,
If they have cash to pay, Sir.
On his coming—coming, &c.

But *bucks* will often lay a plot,
To take poor landlords in, Sir,
For they know they've not the *shot*,
They fire thro' thick and thin, Sir,
On his coming—coming, &c.

And when they've eat and drank their fill,
They'll damn, and sink, and scuff, Sir;
"Here, scoundrel, waiter,—bring a bill,"
And when he's gone, they're off, Sir.
With a going—going—
When no bell rings.

With losses great—expences high—
We can't but smartly charge, Sir—
So, gentlefolks, accordingly,
Expect a bill that's large, Sir—
For a coming—coming, &c.

And now God bless our King,
And Lords, and Commons, all Sir;
We'll cheerful pay each cost, and sing,
If they'll but sometimes call, Sir.
To hear coming—coming, &c.

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THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

WHEN mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,
It ennobled our veins, and enriched our blood;
Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good:
O the roast beef of Old England!
And O the Old English roast beef!

But since we have learnt, from all-conqu'ring France,
To eat their ragouts, as well as to dance,
We're fed upon nothing——but vain complaisance.
O the roast beef, &c.

Our fathers of old were robust, stout and strong,
And kept open house with good cheer all day long,
Which made the plump tenants rejoice in this song.
O the roast beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled to——what shall I name?
A sneaking poor race, half begotten——and tame;
Who sully those honours that once shone in fame.
O the roast beef, &c.

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,
Ere coffee, or tea, or such slip-slops were known,
The world was in terror if e'er she did frown.
O the roast beef, &c.

In those days, if fleets did presume on the main,
They seldom or never return'd back again;
As witness the vaunting Armada of Spain.
O the roast beef, &c.

O then they had courage to eat and to fight,
And when wrongs were a cooking to do themselves right;
But now we're a pack of—I could—but good night.
O the roast beef, &c.

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THRO' THE WOODS LADDIE.

Sung at Vauxhall.

O SANDY, why leav'st thou thy Nelly to mourn,
Thy presence could ease me,
When naithing can please me!
Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the bourn,
Or through the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods they are bonny, and mornings are clear,
While lav'rocks are singing,
And primroses springing,
Yet nane of them pleases mine eye or mine ear,
When through the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken some spare not to tell,
I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning,
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander mysel'.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, no longer away;
But, quick as an arrow,
Haste hence to thy marrow.
Who's living in langour till that happy day;
When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing and play.

THE MILKMAN.

Written by Mr. T. Dibdin.

AT dawn of day when other folks
In slumber drown their senses,
We milkmen sing, and crack, and joke,
Scale stiles and such like fences;

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But when from milking home we're bound,
A sight more pleasing than a show,
The rosy lasses greet the sound,
Of milk, my pretty maids, below.
Milk my pretty maids, &c.

'Tis milkman here, and milkman there,
Lord, how these wenches tease me!
I'm coming, love; how much, my fair?
Cries I, "There, now be easy;
So what with toying now and then,
And kissing, too, as on I go,
I scarce have time, like other men,
To cry, milk, my pretty maids, below.
Milk, my pretty maids, &c.

Tho' twice a day I pay my court
To those that come to meet me,
I please them all, and that's your sort,
There's none can ever beat me;
My walk I never will resign,
A better one I don't know;
Of all the trades let this be mine,
Of milk, my pretty maids, below.
Milk, my pretty maids, &c.

I SAIL'D FROM THE DOWNS.

I SAIL'D from the Downs in the Nancy,
My jib, how she smack'd thro' the breeze,
She's a vessel as tight to my fancy,
As ever sail'd on the salt seas.
Then adieu to the white cliffs of Britain,
Our girls, and our dear native shore,
For if some hard rock we should split on,
We ne'er should see them any more.

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CHORUS.

But sailors are bound for all weathers,
Great guns, let it blow high, blow low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we must go.

When we enter'd the gut of Gibraltar,
I verily thought she'd have sunk;
For the wind so began for to alter,
She yawn'd just as tho' she was drunk.
The squall tore the main-sail to shivers;
Helm a-weather, the hoarse boatswain cries,
Brace the fore-sail athwart, see, she quivers,
As thro' the rough tempest she flies.
But sailors, &c.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
As black just as pitch was the sky:
When truly a doleful disaster,
Befel three poor sailors and I;
Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handsail,
By a blast that came furious and hard,
Just while we were furling the main-sail,
Were every soul swept from the yard.
But sailors, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick, cry'd peccavi,
As for I, at the risk of my neck,
While they sunk down in peace to old Davy,
Caught a rope, and so landed on deck.
Well, what would ye have, we were stranded,
And out of a fine jolly crew,
Of three hundred that sail'd never landed
But I, and I think, twenty-two.
But sailors, &c.

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HUNTING SONG.

DO you hear, brother sportsmen, the sound of the horn,
And yet the sweet pleasure decline?
For shame, rouse your senses, and, ere it be morn,
With me the sweet melody join.
Thro' the wood and the valley,
How the traitor will rally,
Nor quit him till panting he lies:
While hounds in full cry,
Thro' hedges shall fly,
And chase the swift hare till she dies.

Then saddle your steed, to the meadows and fields
Both willing and joyous repair;
No pastime in life greater happiness yields,
Than chasing the fox or the hare.
Such comforts, my friend,
On the sportsman attend,
No pleasure like hunting is found:
For when it is o'er,
As brisk as before,
Next morning we spurn up the ground.

TOM BOWLING.

HERE a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has brought him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful below he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.

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Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many, and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair;
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly;
Ah! many's the time and oft;
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When he who all commands
Shall give, (to call life's crew together)
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus death, who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd:
For tho' his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll look not for wine:
The thirst that from my soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreathe,
Not so much hon'ring thee.
As giving it a hope that there
It would not wither'd be:
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me;
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

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WE SOLDIERS OF ERIN.

WE soldiers of Erin, so proud of the name,
We'll raise upon rebels and Frenchmen our fame;
We'll fight to the last in the honest old cause,
And guard our religion, our freedom, and laws;
We'll fight for our country, our King, and his crown,
And make all the traitors and croppies lie down.

The rebels so bold, when they've none to oppose,
To houses and hay-stacks are terrible foes;
They murder poor parsons, and likewise their wives,
At the sight of a soldier they run for their lives:
Whenever we march thro' country and town,
In ditches and cellars the croppies lie down.

United in blood to their country's disgrace,
They secretly shoot those they dare not to face;
But whenever we catch the sly rogues in the field,
A handful of soldiers make hundreds to yield;
The cowards collect but to raise our renown,
For as soon as we fire the croppies lie down.

While thus in the war so unmanly they wage,
On women, dear women, they turn their damn'd rage,
We'll fly to protect the dear creatures from harms,
They'll be sure to find safety when clasp'd in our arms:
On love in a soldier no maiden will frown,
But bless the brave troops that made croppies lie down.

Should France e'er attempt, by force or by guile,
Her forces to land on old ERIN's sweet isle,
We'll shew that they ne'er can make free soldiers slaves,
They shall only possess our green fields for their graves:
Our country's applauses our triumphs will crown,
Whilst with their French brothers the croppies
lie down.

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When wars and when dangers again shall be o'er,
And peace with her blessings revisit our shore;
When arms we relinquish, no longer to roam,
With pride will our families welcome us home,
They'll drink in full bumpers, past troubles to drown,
A health to the lads that made croppies lie down.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF A COCKNEY?

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

NO doubt, good folk, and I pledge my word,
Of a *Cockney* you have often heard;
For he's a nice and tasty lad,
A spruce—a smart—a flashy blade—
Distinguish'd by his gait and air,
For cock of hat and dress of hair:
To all polite—
Morn, noon, and night
Bows like a lord,
And keeps his word
With any *he*—you e'er did see—
Now what do you think of a *Cockney?*

In love's sweet passion who will dare
With him to cope—with him compare!
With a *cockney* all the girls admire,
He's such an am'rous spark of fire—
That all he does, and all he says,
Gets many a fair one's envied praise;
He'll sigh and leer,
And cry, my dear,
A lover true
I'll prove to you—
As any *he*—you e'er did see—
Now, what do you think of a *Cockney?*

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In all the freaks of mirth and fun
Pray, when was ever he outdone!
For a *cockney* is a merry grig,
Will lead a dance, or hop a jig
Will box, or fence, or play the wag,
Or drive a coach, or vault a nag;
Will sing and laugh—
His bottle quaff—
A lad of merit—
And of spirit—
As any *he*—you e'er did see—
Now, what do you think of a *Cockney?*

THE MERRY WAITER.

AT the very best of houses, where the best of people dine
And the very best of eatables they cater,
Give the very best of spirits, and decant the best of wine,
I attend as a very merry waiter.
Then a table cloth can spread, neat decant my white and red,
Manage matters with a charm, and with napkin under arm,
Can a skinflint, or jolly fellow tell whether they'll come down,
Fold, a tissey, or a crown, so treat 'em as I find 'em ill or well.
And when noisy, roaring, drumming, tingling, ringling,
I cries coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming; going in, madam, coming up, Sir; damn the bells they're all ringing at once.

In their very merry meetings, why I always likes to share,
Whole bottles, sometime broke, why then I snack it;
In that I'm quite at home, so it travels you know where,
Sally Chambermaid and I slily cracks it.

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She a little fortune's made, just by warming a bed,
So I think it not amiss, now and then to snatch a kiss,
For you know I love Sally very well.
So hob nobbing as we chat, looking loving, and all that,
In our ears they're ever ringing such a peal:
Misses, maids, all bawling, drumming,
Tingling, jingling, I cries coming, &c.
John, devil some biscuits, and take 'em up to the Angel.—Tom, you take care of No. 21, shall take care of No. 1 myself.

A snipe there once was order'd, such an article, we'd not,
Yet to disappoint a customer unwilling;
A plover was serv'd up, the gemman swore no bill t'had got;
Says I swallow it, I'll soon bring the bill in,
Thus I jokes, and gaily talk, while poor master jokes with chalks,
And jingling glasses drink, while I jingle in the chink.
Cod! he breaks, and I buy in, who can tell;
Sally Misses then is made, up to every servant's trade,
We are certain sure your honour's to do well;
Brisk and busy, no hum drumming,
Jingling, jingling, I cries coming, &c.
James, take care of No. 4, and see that Sam Cellar-Man sends up prick'd bottles, they're a shabby set, and we may never see them again.——Mrs. Napkin, shew my lord the Star and Garter, and lawyer Lattitat to the Devil. He's going there himself, Sir, he knows the way very well.

KNOWING JOEY.

I WAS call'd knowing Joe by the boys of our town,
Old dad taught me wisely to know folk;
Cod! I was so sharp, when they laughing came down,
I ax't, how do't do? to the shew folk;

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I could chaunt a good stave, that I know'd very well;
No boy of my age could talk louder!
Crack a joke, tip the wink, or a droll story tell;
Of my cleverness too, none were prouder;
So, thinks I its better nor following the plough;
To try with these youths to queer low folks;
Their measter I met, so I made my best bow,
[*Spoken.*] How do'st do, Sir, says I; I'se a mighty notion of turning actor man—I be main lissom—wrestles and boxes very pretty,—dances a good jig,—and can play the very devil!
Axt's a pleace, and so joined with the shew folk.

This pleace that I got I detarmin'd to keep,
But, odzookers! they all were so drollish!
Kings, coblers, and taylors! a prince, or a sweep!
And star'd so at I—I looked foolish!
Their daggers and swords, cod! they handled so cute
And their leadies were all so bewitching!
When I thought to be droll, I was almost struck mute,
As the bacon rack that hangs in our kitchen:
They ax'd me to say, how, the coach was at door,
When were seated above and below folk!
Feggs! I was so shamefac'd, I flopp'd on the floor!
[*Spoken.*] A kind of a sort of giddiness seiz'd me all over! the candles danc'd the hays! 'twere as dimmish as a Scotch mist! I dropped down as dead as a shot!
And swounded away 'mong the shew folk!

They laugh'd so, and jeer'd me, as never were seen,
All manner of fancies were playing:
One night I was sent for to wait on a Queen,
[*Spoken.*] I believe it were Queen Hamlet of Dunkirk.
(Not thinking the plan they were laying,)
My leady she died on a chair, next her spouse,
While with pins me behind they were pricking!
All at once I scream'd out! lent her grace such a douse,
That alive she was soon, aye, and kicking!

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The people all laugh'd at, and hooted poor I,
And the comical dogs did me so joke!
That I made but one step, without bidding good *bye*,
[*Spoken.*] From their steage, Cod! I never so much as once look'd behind me,—tumbled over a barrel of thunder—knock'd down a hail storm—roll'd over the sea—and darted like lightning through the infernal region;
And so took my leave of the shew folk.

THE FARMER'S SON.

Tune—*King James and the Tinker.*

GOOD people give attention, while I do sing in praise,
Of the happy situation we were in, in former days;
When my father kept a farm, and my mother milk'd her cow,
How happily we lived then to what we do now.

When my mother she was knitting, my sister she would spin,
And by their good industry they kept us neat and clean:
I rose up in the morning, with my father went to plough,
How happily we lived, &c.

My brother gave assistance in tending of the ship,
When tir'd with our labour how contented we cou'd sleep;
Then early in the morning we again set out to plough,
How happily we lived, &c.

Then to market with the fleece when the little herd were shorn,
And our neighbours we supplied with a quantity of corn,
For half-a-crown a bushel we would sell it then I vow,
How happily we lived, &c.

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I never knew at that time, go search the country round,
That butter ever sold for more than four pence per pound,
And a quart of new milk for a penny from the cow,
How happily we lived, &c.

How merry would the farmers then sing along the road,
When wheat was sold at market for five pounds a load,
They'd drop into an alehouse and drink "God speed the plough,
How happily we lived, &c.

A blessing to the squire, for he gave us great content,
And well he entertain'd us when my father paid his rent,
With flaggons of good ale he'd drink, "Farmer, speed the plough,"
How happily we lived, &c.

At length the squire died, Sir, O bless his antient pate,
Another fill'd with pride came as heir to the estate,
He took my father's farm away, and others too, I vow,
Which brought us to the wretched state that we are in now.

May Providence befriend us, and raise some honest heart,
The poor for to to disburden who long have felt the smart;
To take the larger farms, and divide them into ten,
That we may live as happy now as we did then.

WE SOLDIERS DRINK.

WE soldiers drink, we soldiers sing,
We fight our foes, and love our king;
While all our wealth two words impart,
A knapsack, and a chearful heart.

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CHORUS.

While the merry fife and drum
Bid intruding cares be dumb;
Sprightly still we sing and play,
And make dull life a holiday.

Tho' we march, or tho' we halt,
Or tho' the enemy we assault,
Tho' we're cold, or tho' we're warm,
Or tho' the sleeping city storm;
Still the merry fife, &c.

Are lasses kind, or are they shy,
Or do they pout they know not why?
While full the knapsack, light the heart,
Content we meet, content we part;
For the merry fife, &c.

We sigh not for the toils of state;
We ask not of the rich or great:
For, be we rich or be we poor,
Are purses full or duns at door,
Still the merry fife, &c.

Thus we drink and thus we sing;
We beat our foes and love our King;
While all our wealth two words impart—
A knapsack and a cheerful heart:
For the merry fife, &c.

SONG.

THURSDAY in the morn, the nineteenth of May,
(Recorded be for ever the famous ninety-two,)
Brave Russel did discern, by break of day,
The lofty sails of France advancing to.
All hands aloft, they cry; let English glory shine;
Let fly a culverine, the signal for the line;
Let every man supply his gun,
Follow me, you shall see,
That the battle it will soon be won.

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Tourville on the main triumphant roll'd,
To meet the gallant Russel in combat o'er the deep:
He led a noble train of heroes bold,
To sink the English admiral and his fleet.
Now ev'ry gallant mind to victory does aspire;
The bloody fight's begun, the sea is all on fire;
And mighty fate stood looking on,
Whilst a flood, all of blood,
Fill'd the scuppers of the rising sun.

Sulphur, smoke, and noise, disturbing the air,
With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic shore;
Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
To see their lofty streamers now no more.
At six o'clock the red the smiling victors led,
To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow.
Now death and horror equal reign.
Now the cry, run or die!
British colours ride the vanquish'd main.

See, they fly amaz'd o'er rocks and o'er sands!
One danger they grasp to shun a greater fate:
In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands;
The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate.
For ever more adieu, ill-omen'd rising sun!
From thy untimely end thy master's fate's begun!
Enough, thou mighty god of war!
Now we sing—bless the King,
And doubly bless each brave English tar!

A SCOTCH MEDLEY.

WE'RE gaily yet, and we're gaily yet,
And we're not very fow, but we're gaily yet;
Then sit ye awhile, and tipple a bit,
For we's not very fow, but we're gaily yet.

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There was a lad, and they cau'd him Dick;
He ga' me a kiss, and I bit his lip;
Then under my apron he shew'd me a trick;
And we's not very fow, but we're gaily yet.
And we're gaily yet, &c.

There were three lads, and they were clad;
There were three lasses, and them they had.
Three trees in the orchard are newly sprung;
And we's a git geer enough, we's very young.
And we're gaily yet, &c.

Then up went Ailey, Ailey;
Up went Ailey now;
Then up with Ailey, quoth Crumma,
We's get a roaring fow.

And one was kiss'd in the barn;
Another was kiss'd on the green;
And t'other behind a pease-stack,
'Till the mow flew up to her eyen.
Then up went Ailey, &c.

Now fye, John Thompson, run,
Gin ever ye ran in your life;
De'el get ye, but hye, my dear Jack;
There's a mon got to bed with your wife.
Then up went Ailey, &c.

Then away John Thompson ran,
And egad he ran with speed;
But, before he had run his length,
The false loon had done the deed.
Then up went Ailey, &c.

End with the verse:
We're gaily yet, and we're gaily yet, &c.

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THE PACKMAN.

Sung by Mrs. Harlowe.

ONE night while round the fire we sat,
And talk'd of ghosts, and such like chat;
A stranger, who had lost his road,
'Till day should break—implor'd abode:
Pack-horses, 'twas his lot to guide along—
Whose bells the trav'ller cheer with ding, ding, dong!

Against distress, tho' we were poor,
My father never shut his door.
I know not how—but from that day,
Tho' form'd by nature brisk and gay,
I felt within my beating breast a tingling,
Whene'er the lively Pack-horse bells went jingling!

When first he wander'd to our nook,
His course, it seems, he had mistook;
Now, twice a week he comes that way,
But never tells us—he's astray;
And, in his song, my name I hear him mingling,
Each time his passing Pack-horse bells go jingling!

BRITAIN'S BEST BULWARKS.

A TRIO.

Sung by Messrs. Dignum, Clark, and Leete.

WHEN Britain on her sea-girt shore,
Her ancient Druids erst address'd,
What aid, she cry'd, shall I implore?
What best defence, by numbers press'd?

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The hostile nations round thee rise,
The mystic oracles replied,
And view thine isle with envious eyes,
Their threats defy, their rage deride;
Nor fear invasion from those adverse Gauls,
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

Thine oaks descending to the main,
With floating forts shall stem the tides,
Asserting Britain's liquid reign,
Where her thund'ring navy rides:
Nor less to peaceful arts inclin'd,
Where commerce opens all her stores,
In social bands shall league mankind,
And join the sea's divided shores.
Spread then thy sails where naval glory calls,
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

Hail! happy isle! what tho' thy vales
No vine impurpled tribute yield,
Nor fann'd with odour-breathing gales,
Nor crops spontaneous glad the field;
Yet liberty rewards the toil
Of industry, to labour prone,
Who jocund plough the grateful soil,
And reaps the harvest she has sown.
While other realms tyrannic sway enthralls,
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

A DRINKING SONG.

COME, my never-flowing glass,
Always welcome to my lip,
Here's to Delia, lovely lass,
Oh, how grateful is the sip.
This is pleasure to the soul,
This will banish care away;
He who hates the smiling bowl,
What's he fit for, topers say?

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BRITON'S DEFIANCE OF FRANCE.

Tune—*Cann of Grog.*

MAD with the plunder of the world,
France like a fury raves,
And shakes her blood-stain'd lance to fight
The masters of the waves:
Firm as the rock that skirt our coast,
At all her threats we smile,
And swear upon our unsheath'd swords,
That free shall be our isle.
And swear, &c.

A bastard Briton he must be,
His heart contains no oak,
Whose base-born mind could tamely bind
To bear the Gallic yoke:
No! let her pale-fac'd standard fly,
Where freedom ne'er was known;
And tho' all Europe bend the knee,
Let England stand alone.
And tho' all, &c.

And should these sons of plunder come
To Albion's rocky shore,
Their frantic troops shall see a sight
They never saw before;
A nation generous and great,
In one determin'd band,
Prepar'd to crush them at a blow
And save their native land.
Prepar'd to, &c.

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Oh! call to mind the gallant deeds
Your noble sires have done,
And may the spirit of the sire,
Descend upon the son;
Then Britons of the good old breed,
Affrighted France shall see,
And find, when Englishmen unite,
Old England must be free.
And find, &c.

ENGLISH ALE.

D'YE mind me? I once was a sailor,
And in different countries I've been,
If I lie may I go for a taylor—
But a thousand fine sights I have seen:
I've been cram'd with good things like a wallet,
And I've guzzled more drink than a whale,
But the very best stuff to my palate,
Is a glass of your English good ale.

Your doctors may boast of their lotions,
And ladies may talk of their tea;
And I envy them none of their potions,
A glass of good stingo for me:
The doctor may sneer if he pleases,
But my recipe never will fail,
For the physic that cures all diseases,
Is a bumper of good English ale.

When my trade was upon the salt ocean,
Why there I had plenty of grog,
And I lik'd it, because I'd a notion
It sets one's good spirits agog;
But since upon land I've been steering,
Experience has alter'd my tale,
For nothing on earth is so cheering
As a bumper of English good ale.

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THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GREY.

I AM a friar of orders grey,
And down the vallies I take my way,
I pull not blackberry, haw, or hip,
Good store of venison does fill my scrip,
My long bead roll I merrily chaunt,
Where'er I walk no money I want;
And why I'm so plump the reason I tell—
Who leads a good life is sure to live well.
What baron or 'squire,
Or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy friar.

After supper of heaven I dream,
But that is fat pullet and clouted cream.
Myself, by denial, I mortify—
With a dainty bit of a warden pie:
I'm cloth'd in sackcloth for my sin;
With old sack wine I'm lin'd within:
A chirping cup is my matin song,
And the vesper's bell is my bowl, ding dong,
What baron or squire,
Or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy friar.

WHEN WAR'S ALARMS.

WHEN war's alarms entic'd my Willy from me,
My poor heart with grief did sigh;
Each fond remembrance brought fresh sorrow on me,
I 'woke ere yet the morn was nigh.
No other could delight him,
Ah! why did I e'er slight him:
Coldly answering his fond tale?
Which drove him far,
Amidst the rage of war,
An left silly me thus to bewail.

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But no longer, tho' a maid forsaken,
Thus will mourn, like yonder dove;
For, ere the lark to-morrow shall awaken,
I'll go seek my absent love.
The hostile country over,
I'll fly, to seek my lover,
Scorning ev'ry threat'ning fear:
Nor distant shore,
Nor cannon's roar,
Shall longer keep me from my dear.

COME BUY MY SWEET POSIES.

THE father of Nancy a forester was,
And an honest old woodman was he,
And Nancy, a beautiful innocent lass,
As the sun in its circuit could see.
She gather'd wild flowers, and lilies, and roses,
And cry'd thro' the village—"Come buy my sweet posies."

The charms of this fair one a villager caught,
A noble and rich one was he,
Great offers he made, but by Nancy was taught
That a poor girl right honest might be.
She still gather'd wild flowers, and lilies, and roses,
And cry'd thro' the village—"Come buy my sweet posies."

The father of Nancy a forester was,
And a poor little stroller was she,
But her lover so noble soon marry'd the lass,
She's as happy as maiden could be:
No more gather'd wild flowers, and lillies, and roses,
Nor cry'd thro' the village—"Come buy my sweet posies."

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THE TINKER.

MY daddy was a tinker's son,
And I'm his boy, 'tis ten to one;
Here's pots to mend! was still his cry,
Here's pots to mend! aloud bawl I.
Have ye tin pots, kettles, or cans,
Coppers to solder, or brass pans.
Of wives my dad had near a score,
And I have twice as many more:
And what's as wonderful as true,
My daddy was the lord (upon my soul he was) the
Lord knows who?
Tan ran tan, tan ran tan tan,
For pot or can, oh! I'm your man.

Once I in budget snug had got
A barn-door capon, and what not.
Here's pots to mend! I cry'd along,
Here's pots to mend! was still my song.
At village wake—oh! curse his throat,
The cock crow'd out so loud a note.
The folk in clusters flock'd around,
They seiz'd my budget, in it found
The cock, a gammon, pease and beans,
Besides a tinker (yes by the Lord) a tinker's ways
and means.
Tan ran tan, &c.

Like dad, when I to quarters come,
For want of cash; the folks I hum.
Here's kettles to mend: bring me some beer
The landlord cries—"You'll get none here!
You tink'ring dog pay what you owe."
In rage I squeeze him 'gainst the door,

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And with his back rub off the score.
At his expence we drown all strife,
For which I praise the landlord (could not do less
than praise) the landlord's wife.
Tan ran tan, &c.

THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

THERE are grinders enough, Sirs, of ev'ry degree,
From jewel-deck'd great to low poverty;
Whatever the station, it sharpens the sense,
And the wheel it goes round to wind in the pence.
Master-grinders enough at the helm you may find,
Tho' I'm but a journeyman—Knives to grind.

Whatever the statesman may think of himself,
He turns fortune's wheel in pursuit of the pelf;
He grinds back and edge, Sirs, his ends to obtain,
And his country may starve, so he pockets the gain.
Master-grinders, &c.

The rich grind the poor, is a saying of old;
The merchant, the tradesman, we need not be told:
Whether Pagan, Mahometan, Christian you be,
There are grinders of all sorts, of ev'ry degree.
Master-grinders, &c.

The patriot, with zeal animated, declares
The curtain he'll draw, and display the state-play'rs;
He is a staunch grinder, to some 'tis well known,
And they're mightily gall'd by the grit of his stone.
Master-grinders, &c.

I too am a grinder; what, what, Sirs, of that?
I am but in taste, since I copy the great:
To be, Sirs, ingenuous, I'll tell you my mind;
'Tis for what I can get, makes me willing to grind.
Master-grinders enough at the helm you may find,
Tho' I'm but a journeyman—Knives to grind.

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MY HENRY IS TRUE.

THO' prudence may press me,
And duty distress me,
Against inclination, ah! what can they do?
No longer a rover,
His follies are over,
My heart, my fond heart, says my Henry, is true.

The bee thus as changing,
From sweet to sweet ranging,
A rose should he light on ne'er wishes to stray;
With raptures possessing
In one ev'ry blessing,
Till torn from her bosom he flies far away.

MAIDENS LISTEN, I'LL DISCOVER.

Sung by Mrs. Cooke, at Vauxhall.

MAIDENS listen, I'll discover,
When chaste Hymen you pursue,
Whether you deserve a lover,
And your passion's firm and true.
It is not by whining,
By sighing, or pining,
For that is too much in the fashion;
But for him who is dear,
To scorn danger and fear,
This, this is the proof of true passion.

Oft you see the fair coqueting,
By soft wiles the heart trepan;
Fond of many a lover getting,
And to teaze and vex poor man.

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It is not by leering,
By ogling or jeering,
For that is too much in the fashion;
But with hearts form'd for bliss,
Cupid's flame to confess,
This, this is the proof of love's passion.

Others, while their swains are striving,
Far abroad, fame, wealth to gain,
To get new lovers are contriving,
And of absence loud complain.
It is not by changing,
From swain to swain ranging,
But that is too much in the fashion;
But with him who is true,
All the world to go thro',
This, this is the proof of love's passion.

WHEN THE MERRY BELLS.

Sung by Miss Howels.

AS tripping o'er the new mown hay,
One Whitsun' morning early,
Blithe Tom he met me by the way,
The lad who loves me dearly;
He squeez'd my hand, and look'd so kind,
Cry'd when will you be willing;
My charming girl, and in the mind,
To set the bells a ringing?
For the merry bells, ding dong they go,
Then come, my love, make no delay;
Let's wed, dear girl, and then, you know,
'Twill be our village holiday.

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Lord Tom, quoth I, my blushes spare,
And yet but half consenting;
How the old folks will laugh and stare,
Say I shall be repenting.
Don't mind their jeers and looks, tho' sour;
Like birds we'll ere be singing;
I'll love thee better ev'ry hour,
Come set the bells a ringing.
For the merry merry bells, &c.

Dear me who could all this withstand,
From one so neat and clever;
He sigh'd and prest, I gave my hand,
My heart was gone for ever;
And Tom has well deserv'd it too,
Nor spends an idle shilling;
But loves his home, to me is true;
Then bless the bells for ringing.
For the merry merry bells, &c.

'TIS PRETTY POLL.

WHEN whistling winds are heard to blow,
In tempests o'er the earth,
The seaman's oft dash'd to and fro,
Yet cheerly takes his birth:
And as he fearless mounts the shrouds,
Awhile the vessel swings,
Tho' skies are mantled o'er with clouds,
The gallant sailor sings—

CHORUS.

'Tis pretty Poll, and honest Jack,
My girl and friend on shore,
Will hail me at returning back,
So let the billows roar.

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When bending o'er the rocking yard,
While seas in mountains rise,
He takes a spell, however hard,
And danger e'er defies:
The storm once o'er, the gallant tar
Lets fancy freely roam,
And tho' from many a friend afar,
Thus sings of those at home,
'Tis pretty Poll, &c.

On burning coasts, or frozen seas,
Alike in each extreme,
The gallant sailor's e'er at ease,
And floats with fortune's stream:
To love and fortune ever true,
He steers life's course along,
And wheresoever sailing to,
Fond hope elates his song:
'Tis pretty Poll, &c.

SATAN'S VISIT TO THE JACOBIN CLUB.

Tune—*To Anacreon in Heaven.*

TO old Satan in hell, where he sat in full glee,
The jacobin club lately sent a petition,
That he their inspirer and patron would be,
When this answer arriv'd from the prince of sedition:
To blast branch and fruit
Of religion's firm root,
I'll lend you my aid, and to favour your suit,
I'll meet you at Paris, and there we'll combine,
To destroy all that's moral, that's just, and divine.

When the kiss and fraternal embraces were o'er,
And the president came their designs to unfold;
Nick shudder'd with horror, and sweat at each pore,
And his blood ran alternately hot and then cold;

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Then lifting his eyes,
With strong marks of surprise,
He utter'd this truth, tho' the father of lies—
"Your worth so transcendent should reign in my stead,"
And abash'd at such rivalship hung down his head.

When compos'd, "Sir," says he, "I would have you to know,
You must pack off your preachers, your teachers, and friars,
For religion subverted must be at a blow,
And liberty hymns must be chaunted for prayers:
Then lead the new patron
As far as the porch,
And I'll warrant I'll soon make my way into church:
There spurn at the altar, and kick down to boot,
The sanctify'd water, with hell's cloven foot."

"This nuisance remov'd, we may rapidly run,
Thro' the stages of anarchy, pillage, and blood,"
Says the president that much, and more shall be done,
And the crimson of Monarchs shall mix with the flood:
Then Satan reply'd,
"I thank you beside,
I've a plan to spread mischief extensively wide!
Assist but in this, you may firmly depend,
On the warmth of my gratitude, world without end."

"Then mark that old mansion, just over the way,
Where Britons thrive better on ale than on wine;
Its foundation is good, built of freestone they say,
John Bull is the landlord, but no friend of mine:
The fellow has got,
Of ground a rich spot,
And those who're industrious may each have a lot;
And there corn and grain most abundantly grow,
For the maxim is labour, and God speed the plough.

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" Still grateful for blessings, and virtuous, and just,
His example's the bane both of you and of me;
Sedition excite, and inspire dark mistrust,
Or hell a mere holiday bonfire will be:
Then skip o'er that kennel,
Usurp'd as his channel,
And decry hospitality, roast beef, and flannel,
Then Briton by Briton will soon be undone,
Ca ira, ca ira, and the day is our own."

Britannia with looks of ineffable scorn,
Despises their threats, and their malice defies;
And Religion, in purest simplicity born,
With confidence leaves to the care of the skies:
Still her commerce shall glide
Secure on the tide,
Protected by Howe, and by Hood, and Macbride,
Whilst their laurels wav'd over old ocean's expanse,
Make the sea irresistible poison to France.

Now Britain preserv'd, each refractory son,
At his error with shame and confusion shall burn;
The flames of sedition must carefully shun,
And the child that has stray'd to his parent return:
Then Britons agree,
Be united and free,
Nor licentiousness graft on fair Liberty's tree;
Its excrescences prune lest too far they extend,
And its verdure shall flourish 'till time's at an end.

Conven'd at John's mansion, in spite of our foes,
With the gods we'll rejoice, and the heart shall aspire,
But the windows which look towards France we will close,
Lest the light of philosophy put out the fire:
At the frog in the fable,
We'll laugh since we're able,
Give thanks for our plenty, and dine at one table,
Then Britannia shall smile whilst we loyally sing,
The roast beef of Old England, and God save the King.

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THE NEGLECTED FAIR.

Tune—*The Neglected Tar.*

OF Britain's boast the praise be mine;
What's that but british beauty?
With rapture I'd invoke the nine;
Ye men, learn hence your duty:
The sex were blessings all design'd,
With rapture then enjoy them;
Nor so debase a british mind,
To conquer—then destroy them.
Then, O! protect the british fair,
Be mindful of your duty;
May vengeance ne'er the villain spare,
A foe to love and beauty.

That tender form you first seduc'd,
Why is it now neglected?
Behold her sad, by grief reduc'd,
Pale, meagre, and dejected?
Behold her begging with a sigh,
Behold her disregarded;
Then view the anguish in her eye,
And say, is love rewarded?
Then, O! protect, &c.

Each female heart is free from guile
Till crafty men infect it;
With artful tale, or magic wile,
He wins, and then neglects it:
Her pining soul finds no relief,
Sad tears flow fast, and melt her;
Her o'er-fraught bosom bursts with grief,
And in the grave finds shelter.
Then, O! protect, &c.

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When fortune frowns, and friends forsake,
Still lovely woman cheers us;
Our grief or raptures they partake,
Distresses but endear us:
While man's profession all will fly,
Nor dying will abet you,
But meet your corpse as passing by,
And with a sigh forget you.
Then, O! protect, &c.

While round your bed the mourning fair
Hangs like a drooping willow,
Each pang or sigh still anxious share,
Nor leave your woe-worn pillow.—
Then charge your glasses to the fair;
May beauty ne'er be slighted—
That source of bliss by whom we are
Conceiv'd, brought forth, delighted!
Then, O! protect, &c.

DRINK TO THE GIRLS LEFT BEHIND US.

Sung by Mr. Denman.

YOU ask me the life of a tar,
That's toss'd up and down on the ocean?
Why know, that in peace, or in war,
Of danger we have not a notion:
Yes, yes, my dear, it is true,
With such we have nothing to do;
For we sing as we go,
With a yeo yea, yea yeo,
And drink to the girls left behind us.

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When landsmen preach up, as they do,
And say this and that of the Navy;
Why, tell them, 'ere fear brings us too,
We'll grapple with death and old davy:
Yes, yes—and, dear Jack, this impart,
The worth of a tar is his heart—
For we sing as we go,
With a yeo yea, yea yeo,
And drink to the girls left behind us.

'Tis sweet, when the battle is o'er,
To say that a tar's done his duty;
Yet sweeter to think, when on shore,
He'll meet with a welcome from beauty:
Yes, yes—and, dear Jack, may a tar
E'er meet with a smile from the fair;
For we sing as we go,
With a yeo yea, yea yeo,
And drink to the girls left behind us.

THE GIRLS WE LOVE SO DEARLY.

Tune—*The Girl I left behind.*

COME, messmates, fill the flowing can,
Tho' from our girls we've parted,
Push round the grog to ev'ry man,
Say, shall we be down-hearted;
Like jolly tars we'll dance and skip,
And foot and booze it chearly,
Then gaily drink full bowls of flip,
To the girls we love so dearly.

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Fresh blows the pleasing veering gales,
While on the ocean sailing,
Reef topsails reef, set studding sails,
While we're on board regaling;
For tho' the winds incessant blow,
Our duty's done so cheerly,
On deck, up shrouds, above, below,
Here's the girls we love so dearly.

But now our topsails they are bent,
And the mainsheet's boldly flying,
Yeo yea, all hands on board the Kent,
A strange sail we're descrying;
Luff, luff, my lads, the winds abaft,
Our boatswain pipes so cheerly,
While every seaman, fore and aft,
Drinks, the girl he loves so dearly.

BETSEY BOBBIN.

IN love be I fifth button high,
On velvet runs my courting;
Shears, buckram, twist, best broad cloth list,
I leave for others sporting:
From needles, thread, my fancy's fled,
My heart is set a throbbing,
And, no one by, I throbbing sigh,
For charming Betsey Bobbin.

Her lips so sweet are velveret,
Her eyes do well their duty,
Her skin's to me like dimity,
The pattern she's of beauty:
Her hand squeez'd oft' is sattin soft,
And sets my heart a throbbing,
Her cheeks—O dear, red kerseymere,
Lord, what a Betsey Bobbin.

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Her roguish smile can well beguile,
  Her ev'ry look bewitches;
Yet never stir when tack'd to her,
  But Trim will wear the breeches:
I've face and mien, am spruce and keen,
  And though my heart keeps throbbing,
There's not, in fine, one man in nine,
  So fit for Betsey Bobbin.

FOR A' THAT.

Written by A. Burns.

WHAT tho' on hamely fare we dine,
  Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that,
Cae fools their silk, and knaves their wine,
  A man's a man for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
  Their tinsel show an' a' that:
An honest man, tho' ne'er so poor,
  Is chief o' man for a' that.

You see yon birkie, ca'd a Lord,
  Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that,
Tho' hundreds beckon at his nod,
  He's but a cuif for a' that:
For a' that, an' a' that,
  His dignities, an' a' that;
A man of independant mind
  Can sing an' laugh at a' that.

The King can make a belted Knight,
  A Marquis, Duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
  Gude faith he manna fa' that!

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An a' that, an a' that,
His garters, stars, an' a' that,
The pith of sense, and wale of worth,
Are better far than a' that.

Then let us pray the time may come,
An' come it will for a' that,
When sense and truth o'er a' the earth
Shall bear the gree for a' that·
For a' that, an' a' that,
An' come it will for a' that;
An' man to man the wide world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

THE ARMY AND NAVY OF BRITAIN FOR EVER.

LET sailors and soldiers unite in this cause,
Bound together by honor and loyalty's band;
Both fight for Old England, and cherish her cause,
And give to the King each his heart and his hand:
In this phalanx unite,
Like lions we'll fight,
While no private feuds our interests dissever;
But this be our boast,
And our ultimate toast,
Here's the Army and Navy of Britain for ever.

The sailor who ploughs on the watery main,
To war, and to danger, and shipwreck a brother:
And the soldier who firmly stands out the campaign,
Do they fight for two men who make war on each other?
O no—tis well known,
The same loyal throne
Fires their bosoms with ardour and noble endeavour;
And that each with his lass,
As he drinks a full glass,
Toasts the Army and Navy of Britain for ever.

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That their cause is but one, and they both can unite
Needs no other example than this to be seen;
Who is bolder in danger, experter in fight,
Than the maritime soldier, the honest marine:
He pulls and he hauls,
He fights 'till he falls,
And from fore-tack or musquet he never will waver;
But when the fray's o'er,
With his Dolly on shore,
Drinks the Army and Navy of Britain for ever.

What matters it who braves the globe or the surge?
Yet if there's a contest about either station,
Let that stimulus glory and loyalty urge,
Who will stand the most firm to the King and the Nation:
While thus we agree,
Let's fight and be free,
Shall Britons 'gainst Britons draw daggers—O never!
Make the Sans Cullottes fly,
And let fame rend the sky,
With the Navy and Army of Britain for ever.

CHICKA.

Sung by Miss Sims in Doll of Wapping.

Tune—*Sailor Boy capering.*

CHICKA lik' a sailor man,
Tom like'a Chicka too;
He come home, he shakee hand,
And me say—How d'ye do?
Tom no to Ningland go,
Doll nibber come so far—den
Ickle Chicka happy squaw,
Wid a jolly tar!

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Tom shoot a cockatoo,
Chicka put him in a pot—
Tom fill a wamessou,
And puxa till he hot:
Him call for grog, a ho!
Me drinka swipe galore;—hee—hee!
Ickle Chicka happy squaw,
Wid a jolly tar.

But, Doll o'Wapping if she dead,
Chicka den a Ningland goes—
Yellow fedder on a head,
And silber at ee nose;
Gold ring on ebery toe,
Blue cheek and shinee hair—O la!
Ickle Chicka pretty squaw,
For a jolly tar.

HOT SPICE GINGERBREAD.

Sung by Mr. Knight in Harlequin and Oberon.

COME boys and girls, men and maids, widows and wives;
The best penny lay out you e'er spent in your lives;
Here's my whirligig lottery, a-penny a-spell,
No blanks, but all prizes, and that's pretty well;
Don't stand humming and haking with *ifs* and with *buts*,
Try your luck for my round and sound gingerbread nuts;
And then there's my glorious spice gingerbread too,
Hot enough to thaw even the heart of a Jew.
Hot spice gingerbread! hot!
Come, buy my spice gingerbread, smoaking hot.

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I'm a gingerbread merchant, but what of that there,
All the world, take my word, deal in gingerbread ware;
Your fine beaux and your belles, and your rattlepate rakes,
One half are game-nuts, the rest gingerbread cakes;
Then in gingerbread coaches we've gingerbread lords,
And gingerbread soldiers with gingerbread swords;
And what are your patriots? tis easy to tell,
By their constantly crying they've—something to sell,
And what harm is there in selling?—hem!
Hot spice gingerbread, &c.

My gingerbread lottery is just like the world,
For its index of chances for ever is twirl'd;
But some difference between 'em exists without doubt,
The world's lottery has blanks, while mine's wholly without,
There no matter how often you shuffle and cut,
It an't once in ten games you can get a game nut.
So I laugh at the world like an impudent elf,
And, just like my betters, take care of myself.
Hot spice gingerbread, &c.

PASTORAL GLEE.

Sung by Mr. Dignum and Mrs. Franklin at Vauxhall.

FLOCKS are sporting, doves are courting,
Warbling linnets sweetly sing;
Joy and pleasure without measure,
Kindly hail the laughing spring.
Flocks are bleating, rocks repeating,
Valleys echo back the sound;
Dancing, ringing, piping, springing,
Nought but mirth and joy go round.

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THE SPOIL'D CHILD.

SINCE then I'm doom'd this sad reverse to prove,
To quit each object of my infant care;
Torn from an honor'd tender parent's love,
And driv'n the keenest storms of fate to bear:
Ah! but forgive me, pitied let me part,
Your frowns, too sure, would break my sinking heart.

Where'er I go, whate'er my lowly state,
Yet grateful mem'ry still shall linger here;
And when, perhaps, you're musing o'er my fate,
You still may greet me with a tender tear:
Ah! then forgive me, pitied let me part,
Your frowns, too sure, would break my sinking heart.

THE SWEET LITTLE ANGEL.

Sung by Miss Leary at Vauxhall.

WHEN Jack parted from me to plough the salt deep,
Alas! I mayn't see him again,
In spite of all talking I could not but weep,
To help it I'm sure was in vain;
Then he broke from my arms, and bid me farewel,
Saying—"Poll, come, my soul it won't do;
So, d'ye hear, avast whining and sobbing, my girl,
'Tis all foolish nonsense in you.
I could not help thinking that Jack was in right,
From a something that whisper'd, d'ye see,
There's a sweet little angel, that sits out of sight,
Will restore my poor Jack unto me.

Yet while he's at distance each thought is employ'd,
And nought can delight me on shore;
I fancy, at times, that the ship is destroy'd,
And Jack I shall never see more.

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But then 'tis but fancy; that angel above,
Who can do such wonders of things,
I know will ne'er suffer a harm to my love,
And so to myself I thus sing:
What matters repining, my heart shall be light;
For, a something that whispers, d'ye see,
There's a sweet little angel, that sits out of sight,
Will restore my poor Jack unto me.

But should that sweet angel, wherever he be,
Forget to look out for poor Jack;
Why then he may never return unto me,
O never! no, never! come back.
But, oh! it can't be, he's too good and too kind
To make the salt water his grave:
And why should I then each tale-teller mind,
Or dread ev'ry turbulent wave?
Besides, I will never kind Providence slight;
For, a something that whispers, d'ye see,
There's a sweet little angel that sits out of sight,
Will restore my poor Jack unto me.

BONNY JEM THAT'S O'ER THE SEA.

Sung by Mrs. Franklin.

YOUNG Jemmy was a Highland lad,
That oft times cross'd the bourn to me;
He wore the bonnet, trews, and plaid,
Wi' garters green below the knee.
Of a' the shepherds west the Tweed,
By ilka one it is agreed,
There's nane could tune the oaten reed
Like bonny Jem that's o'er the sea.

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May ill befa' the silly loons
That sent young Jemmy far from me;
How dreary now are a' the towns,
Where shepherds pip'd so merrily!
How waefu' now upon the plain,
Where younkers danc'd wi' hearts so fain!
But now ilk lassie mourns her swain,
And sighs for him that's o'er the sea.

When last we met, ah! luckless morn!
'Twas underneath the greenwood-tree;
But soon he frae my arms was torn,
Just as he vow'd to marry me.
Yet, when the cruel wars are o'er,
And shepherds hail their native shore,
I hope to meet, and part no more
Wi' bonny Jem that's o'er the sea.

FAL, LAL, LA.

A SHEPHERD once had lost his love,
Fal, lal, &c.
And he sought her in the grove,
Where she slept as he did stray,
A little bird sung from a spray,
Fal, lal, &c.

In vain this bird did strain her throat,
Fal, lal, &c.
In vain she varied oft her note;
The foolish shepherd wander'd on,
The fair one rose, and soon was gone.
Fal, lal, &c.

At last the bird to him did say,
Fal, lal, &c.
If you will not, when you may,
When you will you shall have nay.
The little bird then flew away:
Fal, lal, &c.

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A COLLEGE SONG.

COME ye good college lads, and attend to my lays,
I'll shew you the folly of poring o'er books;
For all ye get by it is mere empty praise,
Or a poor meagre fellowship and sallow looks!

CHORUS.

Then lay by your books, lads, and never repine,
And cram not your attics
With dry Mathematics—
But moisten your clay with a bumper of wine!

The first of Mechanics was old Archimedes,
Who play'd with Rome's ships as he'd play cup and ball:
To play the same game I can't see where the need is—
Or why we should fag Mathematics at all.
Then lay by your books, &c.

Great Newton found out the Binomial Law,
To raise $x—y$ to the power of b;
Found the distance of planets that he never saw,
And which we most probably never shall see.
Then lay by your books, &c.

Let Whiston and Ditton star-gazing enjoy,
And taste all the sweets Mathematics can give;
Let us for our time find a better employ;
And, knowing Life's sweets, let us learn how to live!
Then lay by your books, &c.

These men *ex absurdo* conclusions may draw;
Perpetual motion they never could find:
Not one of the set, lads, could balance a straw
And Longitude seeking is hunting the wind!
The lay by your books, &c.

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If we study at all, let us study the means
To make ourselves friends, and to keep them when made;
Learn to value the blessings kind Heaven ordains—
To make other men happy, let that be our trade.

CHORUS.

Let each day be better than each day before;
Without pain or sorrow
To day or to-morrow,
May we live, my good lads, to see many days more!

"BRITANNIA THE QUEEN OF THE SEAS."

(ORIGINAL)

By Mr. T. Inskip.

OLD Neptune one day in a comical strain,
(With his spouse he had just been at strife;)
After puzzling awhile, and perplexing his brain,
Resolv'd upon changing his wife.

Britannia he saw was a tight little dame,
She only his godship could please:
The Nymph soon comply'd when he told her his flame,
So he crown'd her "the Queen of the Seas."

The nations around quickly heard of the news,
Britannia was bandy'd by Fame;
Yet she felt some concern lest her sons should refuse
To defend her just right to the claim.

But they prov'd the first time they fell in with the foe,
They scorn'd all such notions as these:
And taught the whole world the respect they still owe
To Britannia the Queen of the Seas.

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From that happy time to the year ninety-eight,
What laurels of triumph they've won:
Yet who has atchiev'd a wonder so great
As glorious Nelson has done?

Let the forces unite, of France, Holland, and Spain;
We fear no such boasters as these;
For Nelson, brave Nelson, is "Lord of the main,"
And Britannia "the Queen of the Seas."

COME CHEER UP MY LADS.

TUNE.—*Hearts of Oak.*

COME cheer up my lads, let's together unite,
For our country, our king, and our altars to fight,
While our tars sweep the ocean, our troops line the shore,
Let the Frenchmen but face us, we'll ask for no more.
Heart of Oak, &c.

If we to ourselves and each other prove true,
These vot'ries of reason we soon shall pursue;
And the five-headed monster may threaten in vain,
For Britannia will ever rule over the main.
Heart of Oak, &c.

With religion to guide us, with laws we revere,
With a monarch we love, and a God whom we fear,
Shall the slaves of wild despots with freemen contend,
Who've such blessings to fight for, such rights to defend?
Heart of Oak, &c.

Let them boast if they will of some victories gain'd,
Of their murders committed, and plunder obtain'd,
'Twas by gold or by art, they these triumphs atchiev'd,
Help'd by traitors they paid, or by fools they deceiv'd.
Heart of Oak, &c.

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Then give for Old England a loud hearty cheer,
Here's a halter for those who would welcome them here;
Let us join hearts and hands, boys, and merrily sing,
Rule Britannia for ever, and *God save the King*.
Heart of Oak, &c.

POOR ANNA'S DEAD AND GONE.

(ORIGINAL)

BENEATH yon drooping willows shade,
Lies my lov'd Anna, beauteous maid!
Alas she's dead and gone!
No pleasure now my heart can know,
'Twill cherish yet the keenest woe,
For Anna dead and gone.

Bright was her e'en, the roses red
Bloom'd on her cheeks, but now 'tis fled,
And Anna's dead and gone:
Sweeter than violets was her breath;
Warm beat her heart, but now in death
She sleeps, poor Anna's gone.

Her fleecy charge upon the plain,
She kept, and sung in heavenly strains
Each eve at set of sun:
Weep ye shepherds, weep with me,
Your Ann, you never more will see,
For she is dead and gone.

SONG.

From the German of Klopstock.

THY image, dearest maid
My ravish'd eyes still see;
And many a tear they shed,
Alas! that 'tis not thee.

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When ev'ning's shades prevail,
And Cynthia decks the sky,
I fondly sigh and wail:
In vain I wail and sigh!

By yonder myrtle bow'r,
Where blooms her destin'd wreath;
By ev'ry beauteous flow'r,
That adds its fragrant breath;
Dear form, no more deceive,
The guileful task forbear;
O change, and bid me live;—
Ah! let herself be there!

CONTENTMENT IN RETIREMENT.

TUNE.—*Roast Beef of Old England.*

WHEN peace and contentment prevail'd o'er the land,
And each man commanded the work of his hand;
Then labour was easy, and friendship the band,
Which gave us content in retirement,
Which gave us retirement's content.

The Lord then enjoy'd his forefather's estate,
And gave his protection to each at his gate;
The poor man was happy, nor envied the great;
And each had content in retirement,
And each had retirement's content.

The court was attended by men of renown,
Who best understood the support of the crown;
And fix'd what was good for the King and the clown;
Which gave us content in retirement,
Which gave us retirement's content.

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How happy was Britain! how glorious those days!
Each man in his station pursu'd his own ways:
The statesman and peasant had comfort and ease;
For they had content in retirement,
For they had retirement's content.

But envy, that tyrant, pervaded the land;
Said each was a Lord—or had equal command—
But wise men of Britain will soon break the band,
That invades her content in retirement,
That invades her retirement's content.

Then Britons be wise, never mind who is great;
Protect your own good by protecting the state:
By uniting you'll drive all your foes from your gate,
And secure your content in retirement,
And secure your retirement's content.

THE DREAM.

Translated from the French,

By Mr. Beresford.

Lull'd in slumber's downy arms,
'Neath the moon-tide grove I lay:
Fancy imaged Laura's charms,
Beaming sweeter brighter day.

Gaily dress'd in yielding smiles,
Fancy imag'd Laura's face:—
Hope each love-born pang beguiles!
Thrilling joys my bosom séize!

Cupid, near in ambush laid,
Chas'd the vision—wild I start—
Seek, in vain, the matchless maid:
Find her only in my heart!

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Each fond fairy image flies,
Flies as fades the rapt'rous dream;
All, but conscious mem'ry, dies—
Laura's beauty, and my flame!

WILLY WAS A WANTON WAG.

A favourite Scotch Song.

WILLY was a wanton wag,
The blythest lad that e'er I saw,
At bridals still he bore the brag,
And carried ay the glee away.
His doublet was of Zetland shag,
And vow! but Willy he was bra',
And at his shoulder hung a tag,
That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw;
And ay whatever Willy said,
It was still hadden as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag,
When he went to the weapon shaw;
Upon the green nane durst him brag,
The fiend a ane among them a'.

And was not Willy well worth goud?
He wan the luve of great and sma';
For after he the bride had kiss'd,
He kiss'd the lasses halesale a'.
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
When by the hand he led them a';
And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
By virtue of a standing law.

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And was na Willy a great lown,
As shyre a lick as e'er was seen,
When he danc'd with the lasses round,
The bridegroom speer'd where he had been?
Quoth Willy, I've been at the ring,
With bobbing, faith, my shanks are sair;
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in
For Willy he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willy, I'll go out,
And for a wee fill up the ring;
But shame light on his souple snout,
He wanted Willy's wanton fling.
Then straight he to the bride did sair,
Say's weal's me on your bonny face;
With bobbing, Willy's shanks are sair,
And I'm com'd out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, he says, you'll spoil the dance,
And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
Unless like Willy ye advance;
(O! Willy is a wanton wag:)
For wi't he learns us a' to steer,
And foremost ay bears up the ring:
We will find nae sic dancing here,
If we want Willy's wanton fling.

THE GIPSIES.

Sung By Mrs. Mills and Gipsies.

Tune—*Sir Roger de Coverly.*

WE Gipsies who live in the wood,
Are merry from morning till night,
And if we don't do any good,
It's because we don't know it by sight;

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But we do what we can,
Each woman and each man,
To be merry from morning till night.
To be merry from morning till night.

We know nothing of carding or spinning,
Of sewing we can't do a stitch,
But when on a hedge there is linen,
We know how to give it a twitch;
To keep out of the dirt,
Our caps, our aprons, and shirt,
By handing them over the ditch.
By handing them over the ditch.

While housewives are fuming and fretting,
That the hen has her hatching delay'd,
We save her the trouble of sitting,
And so make the most of our trade:
That good eggs should be addle,
Is merely fiddle faddle;
If you eat'em as soon as they're laid.
If you eat'em as soon as they're laid.

Peter stroll'd by the pigstye and dairy;
For a dinner he felt at a loss;
He jabber'd to Hodge and to Mary,
Of gold that lay hid in the moss.
Oh, then away he jigs,
Faith with two little pigs,
And a pound of fresh butter for sauce.
And a pound of fresh butter for sauce.

We promise you houses and lands,
And plenty of husbands and wives;
So you cross but with silver our hands,
Ready money most commonly thrives.

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So thus without any toil,
Why we make the pot boil,
And that's the delight of our lives.
And that's the delight of our lives.

You give us one bird in the hand,
While we give you two in the bush;
The present we can't understand,
For the future we care not a rush:
Then each merry gipsey,
May laugh and get tipsey.
For the future we care not a rush.
For the future we care not a rush.

PRETTY GOOD PRACTICE.

Sung by Mr. Fawcet in Il Bondocani.

When at school not a fool e'er was I,
For the finger of scorn to be wagg'd at;
So the law, soon I saw best to try,
In hopes to be Cadi of Bagdat.
Soliman Shah was a lawyer good,
And he made me a very fine master,
He cheated his clients as fast as he could,
And he taught me to cheat 'em faster.
When at school, &c.

Justice, we know, should be blind as wise,
And in each of the causes I've fagg'd at,
I ne'er cou'd see till a fee opened the eyes
Of the worshipful Cadi of Bagdat.
Yet to be partial I ever was loth,
So my conscience to clear it a fact is,
That when two sides wou'd bribe, I took money of both,
And thought it was pretty good practice:
For when at school, &c.

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O LOVE THOU SOURCE OF JOY AND PAIN.

Sung by Mr. Girton in the Disagreeable Surprise.

O love! thou source of joy and pain,
Beguiling ever, ever vain,
Ever pleasing,
Ever teazing,
The unwary passenger decoys,
First 'cites his hopes, then damps his joys,
Thy transient pleasure but annoys
The mind, and calm content destroys.

OUR COUNTRY IS OUR SHIP, D'YE SEE.

OUR country is our ship, d'ye see!
A gallant vessel, too!
And of his fortune proud is he,
Who's of the Albion's crew.
Each man, what'er his station be,
When duty's call commands,
Should take his stand,
And lend a hand,
As the common cause demands.

Among ourselves, in peace, 'tis true,
We quarrel—make a rout!
And, having nothing else to do,
We fairly scold it out:
But, once the enemy in view,
Shake hands—we soon are friends;
On the deck,
'Till a wreck,
Each the common cause defends.

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YEO, YEO, SIR.

I AM a brisk and sprightly lad,
But just come home from sea, Sir,
Of all the lives I ever led,
A sailor's life's for me, Sir:
Yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo,
Whilst the boatswain pipes all hands,
With yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, Sir.

What girl but loves the merry tar,
We o'er the ocean roam, Sir;
In ev'ry clime we find a port,
In ev'ry port a home, Sir.
Yeo, yeo, &c.

But when our country's foes are nigh,
Each hastens to his gun, Sir;
We make the boasting Frenchmen fly,
And bang the haughty Don, Sir.
Yeo, yeo, Sir.

Our foes subdu'd, once more on shore
We spend our cash with glee, Sir;
And when all's gone we drown all care,
And out again to sea, Sir.

WHENE'ER SHE BADE ME CEASE TO PLEAD.

Sung in the Prisoner.

WHENE'ER she bade me cease to plead,
Her breast would gently heave,
And prov'd, her lips beguil'd a heart
Ill practis'd to deceive.

Whene'er she bade me cease to plead,
Her breast would gently heave;
As swelling waves that seem inclin'd,
To greet the shores they left behind.

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FROM NIGHT TO MORN.

FROM night to morn I take my glass,
In hopes to forget my Chloe;
But when I drink the cheerful wine
She's ne'er the less before me.

CHORUS.

Ah! no, no, no wine can cure
The pain I endure for my Chloe.
Ah! no, no, no, &c.

To wine I flew, to ease the pain
Her beauteous charms created;
But wine more firmly bound the chain,
For love would not be cheated.
Ah! no, no, no, &c.

But, since 'tis so, I'll be content,
To think on my dear Chloe,
Though wine should still my love cement,
I'll die by wine for Chloe.
Ah! no, no, no, &c.

THE MEN ARE ALL ROVERS ALIKE.

Sung by Miss Howells.

TO me, yet in teens, mamma would oft say,
That men were deceivers, and sure to betray;
This lesson so strongly she painted to me,
That lovers I thought all deceivers must be;
And that men are all rovers alike.

Young Colin is handsome, good-humour'd beside,
With artless kind offer wou'd make me his bride.
Mamma was mistaken, I plainly can see,
And I doubt if all lovers deceivers must be;
Or that men are all rovers, &c.

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Thus sung the fair damsel, when Colin appear'd;
Her doubts now all vanish'd, no danger she fear'd;
To join in sweet wedlock the lovers agree.
Was Miss in the wrong? That hereafter you'll see.
For the men are all rovers, &c.

HAL THE WOODMAN.

Written by Mr. Lindley.

STAY traveller, tarry here to-night,
The rain still beats, the wind is loud,
The moon too has withdrawn her light,
And gone to sleep behind a cloud.
'Tis sev'n long miles across the moor;
And should you from our cottage stray,
You'll meet, I fear, no friendly door,
No soul to tell the ready way.

Come, dearest Kate, the meal prepare,
This stranger shall partake our best;
A cake and rasher be his fare,
With ale, that makes the weary blest.
Approach the hearth, there take a place;
And, till the hour of rest draws nigh,
Of Robin Hood, and Chevy Chace,
We'll sing; then to our pallets hie.
Had I the means, I'd use you well:
'Tis little I have got to boast;
But should you of our cottage tell,
Say, Hal the Woodman was your host.

SOLDIER DICK.

WHY don't you know me by my scars,
I'm soldier Dick come from the wars,
Where many a pate without a hat,
Croud honour's bed, but what of that,

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Beat drums, play fifes, 'tis glory calls,
What argufies who stands or falls,
Lord, what should one be sorry for,
Life's but the fortune of the war:
Then rich or poor or well or sick,
Still laugh and sing shall Soldier Dick.

I us'd to look two ways at once,
A bullet hit me on the sconce;
And dowsh'd my eye, d'ye think I'd wince,
Why, Lord, I've never squinted since.
Beat drums, &c.

Some distant keep from war's alarms,
For fear of wooden legs and arms;
While others die safe in their beds,
Who all their lives had wooden heads.
Beat drums, &c.

Thus gout, or fever, sword or shot,
Or something sends us all to pot,
That we're to die, then do not grieve,
But let's be merry while we life.
Beat drums, &c.

BEN MAINSAIL'S INVITATION.

LUFF, luff, my lads! the gale increases,
While we scud before the wind:
Reef the main-sail till it ceases;
While she floats, boys, never mind!
On the starboard tack we venture,
And behold the craggy shore,
As the destin'd port we enter,
While the raging billows roar.

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True to honour, and to duty—
All such maxims sailors boast;
Yet we drink to love and beauty,
And can give the seaman's toast,
" Wives and sweethearts!" on the ocean,
We all swig it, to a man.
Fearing danger's all a notion:
Let us booze the flowing can!

The boatswain, piping, loudly thunders
" To your quarters, fore and aft!"
The great guns sponge—prepare for wonders,
While, my lads, the wind's abaft!
With grape we can nine-pounders rattle:
Naval heroes drink and sing:
He that bravely falls in battle,
Nobly serves his Prince and King.

I'LL BE MARRIED TO THEE.

A favourite Song sung by Mrs. Franklin.

I AM teaz'd to death from morn 'till night,
And its all along with who?
Why its all for thee, my heart's delight,
Dear Sandy, I tell thee true.
My father raves, and my mother will scold,
Aye, and lead me such a life!
And all for being too young, I'm told,
To be my Sandy's wife.
Then gang o'er the hills with me, my love,
Gang o'er the hills with me;
Gang o'er the hills with me, my love,
And I'll be married to thee.

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There is ne'er a laird in all Dumfries,
Tho' many a laird there be,
Can ever say such things to please,
As my dear shepherd to me;
And tho' but little the youth can boast,
Of acres, houses, or gear,
Of all the shepherds I love him most,
And he is my only dear.
Then gang o'er the hills, &c.

Twelve months are gone, and something more,
Since we fix'd on it to wed;
And should we tarry even threescore,
Why something will e'er be said.
Then let us now, while yet 'tis spring,
And sympathy warms each breast,
Twine hands together in Hymen's string,
And love will make up the rest.
Then gang o'er the hills, &c.

NAN OF GLOSTER GREEN.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

SAY, will you leave your village cot,
And range the fields with me?
My mind to sooth on yon fair spot,
Intent on nought but thee.
The op'ning spring, that hails the year,
So like thy graceful mien,
My charming girl, to me so dear,
Is Nan of Gloster Green.

Could I but gain your heart, my fair,
How gay the time would pass!
Each day to tend my fleecy care
With you, my lovely lass!

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Come then, dear girl, to church with me;
Now smile consent, my queen;
My ev'ry wish is form'd for thee,
Sweet Nan of Gloster Green.

Her lily hand, and willing heart,
A blush o'erspread her face:
Here take me, shepherd, let's depart,
And seek the hallow'd place,
Where love and friendship shall combine,
And union e'er be serene;
Now all assist our hands to join,
The joy of Gloster Green.

HE'S STOLE MY HEART FROM ME.

Sung by Miss Sims.

YOUNG Jemmy is a bonny boy,
And lives not far away;
And sweetly does the bonny boy
Upon his bag-pipes play.
Oh! he plays so sweetly all day long,
And then so fond is he,
That he so charm'd me with his song,
He stole my heart from me.
And 'tis oh! ah! my little heart!
He's stole away from me.

The other day this bonny boy,
Thus whisper'd in my ear,
And wilt thou wed a Highland lad,
That loves thee truly, dear?
Shall we to kirk, without delay,
And tie the knot? says he.
Ah! yes, I cry'd: what could I say?
He'd stole my heart from me.
And its oh! ah! &c.

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Well, wed I did the bonny boy,
And now I am his wife,
Our time is pass'd in love and joy,
Devoid of care and strife.
And tho' in humble garment clad,
For richer swains there be,
Give me the bonny Highland lad,
That stole my heart from me.
And its oh! ah! &c.

MY HENRY HAS LEFT ME TO MOURN.

An Irish Air.

LOST, lost, lost, is my quiet for ever,
Since Hen'ry has left me to mourn.
To forget him how vain my endeavour,
Alas! will he never return.
Ah! well a day, well a day, well a day;
Ah! well a day, lost, lost is my quiet for ever,
Since Henry has left me to mourn.

Still memory pictures him near me,
Still loves on his image to dwell,
And kindly attentive to cheer me,
She tells of his tender farewell.
Yet, ah! well a day, &c.

Yet, ah! surely he did not deceive me,
Ah! sure he was loth to depart;
And fondly unwilling to leave me,
His tenderness flow'd from his heart.
Yet, ah! well a day, &c.

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But if feign'd were his tears and his anguish,
And he for another can sigh,
Not long I unpitied shall languish,
But pray for his welfare—and die.
For ah! well a day, &c.

I AM A LAD WELL KNOWN IN TOWN.

TUNE—*Jolly Dick the Lamplighter.*

I AM a lad well known in town,
For friendship, mirth, and fun,
Among the fair, the black, the brown,
My daily course I run;
I chat with Bet, I toy with Sall,
I dance with Kate and Sue;
My part I play with ev'ry girl,
So fond of something new.

To kiss and keep it up's my aim,
For I'm a roving blade;
Tom Bowling is my saucy name,
A rover I by trade;
Shall drowsy watchmen me perplex,
That ramble thro' the town;
I love my bottle and the sex,
They all my sorrows drown.

Then bring me bowls of gen'rous wine,
And pledge me with the same;
Since life's a jest I'll ne'er repine,
Despair's an empty name;
The fav'rite catch, the sprightly glee,
That pleasing scenes impart;
In flowing numbers welcome me,
And cheer the merry heart.

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THE LOYAL TAR.

By G. S. Cary, Esq.

'SDEATH what fuss land-lubbers make
About their rights and laws,
As if in doubt what part to take,
And jar, as 'twere, for straws;—
If they wou'd do the thing that's right,
Or cease prevarication,
Like loyal tars they wou'd unite,
To save this envy'd nation.

Much talking argues little good,
For many do remark,
That cur has not the truest blood,
Which is too apt to bark.
True courage ne'er delights in noise;
But when there is occasion,
The loyal tar each nerve employs
To save his envy'd nation.

Let Frenchmen say whate'er they will,
And pass such mad decrees,
That each a brother's blood shall spill,
Or father's if they please;
We are not quite so savage grown,
To ape so strange a fashion,
Each loyal tar will guard the crown,
His king, his friend, and nation!

THE MAID OF THE ROCK.

I SAT out one eve with intention to roam,
To the rock, where the surges wantonly play,
When the owl had stol'n out from his secret home,
And bright-vested Hesperus clos'd in the day.

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The moon was at full, and with dignity rose,
And tissu'd with silver the green-mantl'd seas,
The god of the ocean was gone to repose,
And Æolus fann'd with a whispering breeze.

On reaching the cave where old legends report,
And many a sorrowful tale has been sung,
Where blood-hunting robbers have oft held their court,
On each side was some vestige of chivalry hung;
My eyes were alarm'd on beholding a maid,
Who, near to the cavern, sat silent in grief,
Her head on her hand all in sorrow was laid,
A hard rocky pillow was all her relief.

She started with fear, and she fain would have fled,
I begg'd her to stay and her sorrows relate,
Then told her, from me, she had nothing to dread,
That I was sent there by the order of fate,—
You came by the order of one, she reply'd,
Who has done all she can to distract my poor mind,
O'erwhelm'd in the deep, my dear William, my pride,
Then sunk, and she gave her last breath to the wind!

THE TIPPLING PHILOSOPHERS.

DIOGENES surly and proud,
Who snarl'd at the Macedon youth,
Delighted in wine that was good,
Because in good wine there was truth;
But growing as poor as a Job,
Unable to purchase a flask,
He chose for his mansion a tub,
And liv'd by the scent of the cask.

Heraclitus ne'er wou'd deny
A bumper, to cherish his heart;
And when he was maudlin wou d cry,
Because he had empty'd his quart:

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'Tho' some are so foolish to think,
He wept at men's follies and vice,
'Twas only his custom to drink,
Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
To tipple and cherish his soul;
Would laugh like a man that was mad,
When over a good flowing bowl;
As long as his cellar was stor'd,
The liquor he'd merrily quaff:
And when he was drunk as a lord,
At them that were sober he'd laugh.

Wise Solon, who carefully gave
Good laws unto Athens of old,
And thought the rich Crœsus a slave
(Tho' a king) to his coffers of gold;
He delighted in plentiful bowls;
But drinking much talk would decline,
Because 'twas the custom of fools
To prattle much over their wine.

Old Socrates ne'er was content.
Till a bottle had heighten'd his joys,
Who in's cups to the oracle went,
Or he ne'er had been counted so wise:
Late hour's he most certainly lov'd,
Made wine the delight of his life,
Or 'Xantippe would never have prov'd
Such a damnable scold of a wife.

Grave Seneca, fam'd for his parts,
Who tutor'd the bully of Rome,
Grew wise o'er his cups and his quarts,
Which he drank like a miser at home;
And, to shew he lov'd wine that was good,
To the last, (we may truly aver it,)
He tinctur'd his bath with his blood,
So fancy'd he dy'd in his claret.

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Pythagoras did silence enjoin
On his pupils who wisdom would seek;
Because he tippled good wine,
Till himself was unable to speak;
And when he was whimsical grown,
With sipping his plentiful bowls,
By the strength of the juice in his crown,
He conceiv'd transmigration of souls.

Copernicus too, like the rest,
Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,
And thought that a cup of the best
Made reason the brighter to shine;
With wine he replenish'd his veins,
And made his philosophy reel;
Then fancy'd the world, like his brains,
Turn'd round like a chariot-wheel.

Aristotle, that master of arts,
Had been but a dunce without wine;
And what we ascribe to his parts,
Is due to the juice of the vine:
His belly, most writers agree,
Was big as a watering-trough;
He therefore leap'd into the sea,
Because he'd have liquor enough.

Old Plato was reckon'd divine.
He fondly to wisdom was prone;
But had it not been for good wine,
His merits had never been known.
By wine we are generous made,
It furnishes fancy with wings,
Without it we ne'er shou'd have had
Philosophers, poets, or kings.

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JESS MACPHARLANE.

A favourite Duet.

WHEN first she came to town,
They call'd her Jess Macfarlane,
But now she's come and gone,
They call her the wand'ring darling:
Oh! this love, this love!
Of this love I'm weary,
Sleep I can get none
For thinking of my deary, oh!

Her father loves her well,
Her mither loves her better;
And I like the Girl mysel,
But alas! I canna get her.
Oh! this love, &c.

I took it in my head,
To write my love a letter;
But alas! she canna read,
And I like her aw the better.
Oh! this love, &c.

Then since I canna rest,
For thinking of my darling;
I'll wander too in quest,
Of lovely Jess Macpharlane.
Oh! this love, &c.

DRINKING SONG.

Sung by Mr. Fawcett.

At each inn on the road I welcome cou'd find,
At the Fleece I'd my skin full of ale;
The two Jolly Brewers were quite to my mind,
At the Dolphin I drank like a whale;

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Tom Tun at the hogshead sold pretty good stuff,
They'd capital flip at the boar,
And when at the Angel I'd tippled enough,
I went to the Devil for more.

Then I'd always a sweetheart so snug at the bar,
At the Rose I'd a lilly so bright;
Few planets cou'd equal sweet Nan at the Star,
No eyes ever twinkled so bright;
I've had many a hug at the sign of the Bear,
In the Sun courted morning and noon,
And when night put an end to my happiness there,
I'd a sweet little girl in the Moon.

To sweethearts and ale I at length bid adieu,
Of wedlock to set up the sign;
Hand in hand the good woman I look for in you,
And the Horns I hope ne'er will be mine.
Once guard to the mail I'm now guard to the fair,
But tho' my commission's laid down,
Yet while the King's Arms I'm permitted to bear,
Like a lion I'll fight for the Crown.

THE HUMANE NEGRO.

A Ballad.

The winds in the deserts blew high,
The rains made the rivers o'erflow,
The thunder was heard from the sky,
The wild beasts were roaring below.
The white man who came o'er the sea,
Stood aghast at the terrible sound,
Then laid his limbs under a tree,
And rested his head on the ground.

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Despairing he wept and he sigh'd,
We found him all weak and forlorn;
No mother his milk to provide,
No wife to make bread of his corn.
Then let us in pity unite,
To sotten his woes if we can,
What tho' he be ugly and white,
My comrades he still is a man.

MY DEARY, O.

A favourite Scotch Song, written by R. Burns.

JUST where yon burn trots thro' the broom,
Amang the birks sae mony, O,
Where gowans glint and blue bells bloom,
And lintwhites sing fae bonny, O,
A lass there lives right sair to see
Wi' gracefu' air enchanting, O,
Whase rose-bud cheek and sparkling e'e
Ha'e set this heart a panting, O.
Her presence mak's me cheery, O,
Her absence mak's me weary, O,
'Tis my delight, baith day and night,
To gaze upo' my deary, O.

I'd leave the town and a'its pride,
The seat o'vice and slander, O,
At eve yon burnies flow'ry side
Wi' my sweet lass to wander, O.
Let fortune shun my lowly cot,
And wealthy souls frown on me, O,
The fickle jade I'd mind her not,
Wou'd Annie smile upon me, O:
Her presence mak's me cherry, O, &c.

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Ye painted prudes. wi' a'your art,
In silk and siller flaunting, O,
Whase costly claise aft hides a heart
Where modesty is wanting, O.
My Annie scorns your borrow'd grace,
And, sweet as May-day morning, O,
Bright health blooms on her cheerfu' face,
In spite of a' your scorning, O.
Her presence mak's me cheery, O, &c.

EVERY INCH A SAILOR.

THE wind blew hard, the sea ran high,
The dingy scud drove 'cross the sky;
All was safe lash'd, the bowl was slung,
When, careless, thus Ned Haulyard sung:
A sailor's life's the life for me,
He takes his duty merrily;
If winds can whistle, he can sing;
Still faithful to his friend and king.
He gets belov'd by all the ship,
And toasts his girl, and drinks his flip.

"Down topsails! boys, the gale comes on."
To strike top-gallant yards they run;
And now, to hand the sail prepar'd,
Ned cheerful sings upon the yard:
A sailor's life, &c.

"A leak! a-leak! come, lads, be bold,
"There's five feet water in the hold."
Eager on deck see Haulyard jump!
And hark! while working at the pump,
A sailor's life, &c.

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And see! the vessel nought can save;
She strikes, and finds a wat'ry grave!
Yet Ned, preserv'd, with a few more,
Sings, as he treads a foreign shore,
A sailor's life, &c.

And now—unnumber'd perils past,
On land as well as sea—at last,
In tatters, to his Poll and home,
See honest Haulyard singing come:
A sailor's life, &c.

Yet, for poor Haulyard what disgrace!
Poll swears she never saw his face!
He damns her for a faithless she,
And, singing, goes again to see:
A sailor's life, &c.

OLD ENGLAND's WOODEN WALLS.

THRO' winds and waves in days that are no more,
I held the helm, and ne'er ran foul of shore;
In pitch-dark nights, my reck'ning prov'd so true,
I rode out safe the hardest gale that blew:
And when, for fight, the signal high was shown,
Thro' fire and smoke old Boreas straight bore down.
But now my timbers are not fit for sea—
Old England's wooden walls the toast shall be.

From age to age, as ancient story shows,
We rul'd the deep in spite of envious foes;
And still aloft, through worlds combin'd, we rise,
Now all at home are splic'd in friendly ties.
In loud broadsides we'll tell both France and Spain,
We're own'd by Neptune sov'reigns of the main.
Oh, would my timbers now were fit for sea!
Yet England's wooden walls my toast shall be.

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THE NAVAL HEROES.

Tune—*Hearts of Oak, &c.*

In June ninety-four the heroes of Britain arose,
And triumphantly conquered their Gallican foes.
Eight sail of their line to our arms made a bow,
And grac'd the atchievement of great Earl Howe.
Hearts of Oak, &c.

The same fortunate month in the ninety and five,
The Republican wolves swore they'd eat us alive;
But gallant Lord Bridport lent Monsieur a knock,
And silenc'd the crow of the Gallican cock.
Hearts of Oak, &c.

In the year ninety-seven, on St. Valentine's day,
The Dons thought their numbers our fleet would dismay;
But ere the day clos'd, in the temple of fame,
Emblazon'd with glory, was Jarvis's name.
Hearts of Oak, &c.

O! had I seven mouths, like the fam'd river Nile,
Of a Syren the song, of Apollo the stile,
On the triumph of Egypt for ever I'd dwell,
While Nelson and glory the chorus should swell.
Hearts of Oak, &c.

With the treasures, the ships, and the legions of France,
To cherish rebellion the wretches advance;
But Warren made Monsieur exclaim with an—ah!
By gar, we've enough of your Erin go Bragh!
Hearts of Oak, &c.

The broom the proud Dutchman had hoisted of yore,
Bold Duncan has struck to insult us no more;
He sinks like the navies of France and of Spain,
And the broom of Britannia shall long sweep the main.
Hearts of Oak, &c.

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JOVIAL COMPANION.

COME, come, my jolly lads! the wind's abaft,
Brisk gales our sails shall crowd:—
Come, bustle, bustle, bustle, boys!
Haul the boat;—the boatswain pipes aloud:
The ship's unmoor'd,
All hands on board;
The rising gale
Fills ev'ry sail?
The ship's well mann'd and stor'd.
Then sling the flowing bowl—
Fond hopes arise—
The girls we prize
Shall bless each jovial soul;
The can, boys, bring,
We'll drink and sing,
While foaming billows roll.

Though to the Spanish coast we're bound to steer,
We'll still our rights maintain;
Then bear a hand, be steady, boys,
Soon we'll see Old England once again:
From shore to shore,
While cannons roar,
Our tars shall show
The haughty foe
Britannia rules the main,
Then sling the flowing bowl, &c.

A FRIEND, A BOTTLE, AND BOWL.

By Mr. Titford.

THOUGH Venus and Bacchus may boast of their power
Our senses to charm, and rank care to devour;
But as things *sans* a finish are not quite the ton,
So's a friend and a bottle without a good song.

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Then Apollo invite, that fam'd musical blade,
Who dispels chequer'd scenes which in life may pervade,
And who bears on his arms this lov'd motto or scroll,
" A true friend, and a song, and a bottle or bowl."

The tube of content I'll whiff out with my friend,
While concord and harmony round us attend,
The enjoyment of life, and a zest to the whole,
Is a friend and a song, and a bottle or bowl.

As a sweet golden rule, let temp'rance abound,
Be reason the guide as the glass is put round;
And while freedom and merit replenish the whole,
Here's our friend and a song, and a bottle or bowl!

THE BOTTLE AND BIRD.

A PLAGUE on those mortals whom demons bewitch,
To starve themselves living, in hopes to die rich!
Here goes the last guinea, I change it with glee,
For my bottle and bird have more raptures for me.
For my bottle, &c.
This takes away hunger; the other conspires,
To warm me for Phillis with matchless desires.
Then give me, ye gods, while existence I court,
My bird of true game, and my bottle of port.

When time calls to lead up the dog and the gun,
To the stubble, at day-break, with Dido I run;
There spring the brown covey, and round as they fly,
With an arm ever fatal bring down a supply.
With an arm, &c.
Returning, if chance throws a friend in the way,
We talk of the pleasures and toils of the day;
When I press him sincere, to partake of my sport,
My delicate bird, and my bottle of port.

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'Tis wine, rosy wine, gives new comforts to men,
Anacreon look'd plump at an hundred and ten.
With the muse he could sport as the landscape he trod,
And compose his sweet lays with the soul of the god.
And compose, &c.
This theme, so delightful and pleasing to me,
As the sweets of the spring to the taste of the bee;
Like the rosy-brow'd bard, let me constantly sport,
O'er the bird of true game, and my bottle of port.

A WINTER SONG.

Written by Bürger.

Author of Leonora.

Now winter strips with ruthless haste,
The poplar's leafy pride;
Deforms the vale with chilling blast,
And checks the crystal tide.
While each fair flow'r of brightest glow,
Lies deep entomb'd in ice and snow.

Yet, luckless blossoms, cease to claim
The sympathetic lay,
In Fanny's face your colours beam,
And sweeter hue's display;
Bright azure shines in either eye,
Her lips the rose's tints defy.

No more let Philomela wail,
And let the lark be still,
While Fanny's dearest notes prevail,
And softer warblings thrill;
Her lips exhale the breath of spring,
Fresh winnow'd by the zephyr's wing.

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And when the melting kiss I snatch,
And hold her to my heart,
The cherry and the juicy peach
Not half such sweets impart.
What then! for May have I to care,
While spring and summer bloom in her.

SONG.

Composed by Mr. Osario, in honour of the Vingts un Club.

TO give company zest, and enlighten the mind,
A few chosen mortals, of manners refin'd,
Joining mirth to instruction, and folly to shun,
Assisted in forming the club of Vingts un.

The muses and sciences call'd to their aid,
With reasons firm base for their corner-stone laid;
Light sophistry shrunk from the mirror of truth,
And the wisdom of age added pleasures to youth.

Calliopes' strains, warm'd by emulous glow,
Latent genius draws forth in notes timid and low;
Nor Palymnia, nor Clio, invok'd are in vain,
And improvements and knowledge advance in their train.

Graver subjects pass'd by, bright Thalia to thee
We breathe the gay song, and enlivening glee;
The purple libations to Bacchus we send,
Whilst prudence still points out the hour we end.

Since thus then we're met, may no party intrude,
No partiality guide us, nor passion be rude:
But thus hand in hand, join'd like brothers in love,
May the Vingt un a pattern of harmony prove.

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POVERTY'S NO SIN.

A favourite Song sung by Mrs. Bland.

Poor Kate, with nosegay basket, trim
Sent forth a plaintive cry;
Her varied flowers round the brim,
She bid each trav'ler buy;
But heedless pass'd the giddy throng,
In vain she hop'd to win;
She sigh'd and held her basket low,
Sure poverty's a sin.

She silent grieves, but perseveres,
By hunger pinch'd, and cold;
A brute who saw her falling tears
Grew impudent and bold;
By force he press'd the modest maid,
Who pity wish'd to win,
Who struggled, blush'd, and frowning said,
So poverty's a sin.

Tom Truelove flush'd with golden ore,
His constant girl he knew;
Just cried—'tis lucky I'm on shore,
To her relief he flew;
His cudgel laid th'assailant low,
While Tom did thus begin,
D'ye mind me lubber, don't ye know—
Is poverty a sin?

Then bore his prize, with love and pride,
Beneath his conquering arm,
And swore he'd keep her by his side,
And shield her safe from harm;
Thy sails says Tom shake in the wind,
Thy cheeks look pale and thin;
But, cheer my lass, the breeze is kind,
For poverty's no sin.

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Kate told him all her friends were dead,
And she distress'd and low;
Avast he cried, enough is said,
His heart felt all her woe:
Here take this gold, 'tis all your own,
'Twas you that made me win;
I've fought for you, and you alone—
Why poverty's no sin.

Rigg'd like a lady, Kate next day
Was made by Tom a wife,
And cheerly passes life away,
They know no care nor strife;
To her the needy tell their grief,
Who asks is sure to win,
She says, and always gives relief—
That poverty's no sin.

DICKY THE ROVER.

A BARBER I am, and I dress for the crown,
With my frizzle deedle dum, and my frizzle deedle dee;
Though you see by my dressing I'm just tumbled down,
Tweedle deedle dum, tweedle deedle dee;
Though my living I get, sirs, by frizzing the nob,
You see that at times, sirs, I get an odd job,
With my tweedle deedle dum, and tweedle deedle dee.
Oh, poor Dicky, poor Dicky the rover!
Oh, poor Dicky, &c.
Was ever poor barber so neatly done over?
Oh! oh! oh! over, so neatly done over!

Ye barbers and clerks who are given to roam,
With my frizzle, &c.
Take care how you venture too far from your home,
Tweedle deedle dum, &c.
Or else you may meet with a new-fashion'd dressing,
And, instead of a job, get a damnable dressing,
With my tweedle dum, &c.

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BETWEEN FEAR AND COURAGE.

Sung by Mr. Wallack.

BETWEEN fear and courage, lord! what can be done?
By magical monsters cross'd!
Between fear and courage, lord! what can be done;
I'm like a noun adjective—can't stand alone;
With quivering, quaking,
Shivering, shaking,
Dreadful disaster,
To give up my master;
I'd much rather give up the ghost!

From mere flesh and blood Honey! nothing I dread;
To face a whole army dare post;
From mere flesh and blood—Honey! nothing I dread;
But sprites lift my hat half an inch from my head!
With their rumbling, jumbling,
Thunder-like grumbling,
Neck breaking, shin cracking,
Over straws stumbling,
Lard! I shall give up the ghost!

A beautiful head, in its place has a charm,
To kiss his sweet lips be my host!
A beautiful head in its place has a charm,
But, Lard! ta'en the thing, when worn under the arm;
With its glaring, flaring,
Grim-like appearing,
Nightful, spiteful, frightfully staring,
Yes, I shall give up the ghost!

When I raise my spirits, I quaff the full bowl,
A sweet little charmer the toast!
When I raise my spirits, I quaff the full bowl,
For good spirits ever attend a good soul!

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So may-ful, playful,
Sprightly the day-ful,
Laugh away, quaff away, merry and gay-ful,
'Sdeath I shall give up the ghost!

(a groan heard)

A groan! I'll depart, grave-like orators cease,
Your dumb admonition's not lost!
A groan! I'll depart, Grave-like orator's cease,
For till I'm departed, I sha'nt rest in peace,
With quivering, quaking,
Shivering, shaking,
Dreadful disaster,
To give up on one's master;
Or mournfully give up the ghost!

THE MIRROR OF PLENTY.

Written by Mr. J. Dell.

Nature pourtrays with endless care,
Lines of rich traits supremely fair,
The tribute of the spring:
And the rich odour it exhales,
Fill these recesses and those vales,
Of this my muse will sing.

Sweet the gay violet with the wind
Reclines, but when I look behind,
Scenes lovely to the view:
The vine in circles labyrinth's twine,
And flowers hang wanton round the vine,
Prove not her bounties few.

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The orient sun, fair nature's guide,
Reflects his lustre far and wide,
And Paradise assumes:
And mark with joy the happy swain,
Cut the plenteous crops in twain,
Which ev'ry health prefumes.

Now all the lands serene and fair,
For plenty all our wants repair,
Then comes the happy time;
And thus a gay convivial mein,
O'er all the universe is seen,
And peace to every clime.

BIRTH OF CONTENT.

ERE time waxed old, to divert the young hours,
Jove fled from his spouse, and empyreal bow'rs,
To an isle by all heav'n admir'd:
O'er the daisy-deck'd plains as the deity trod,
The rays of his brow so announced the god,
Ev'ry creature with wonder retir'd.

Undistinguish'd from mortals he wish'd to abide
To that end laid his rays and his fulmin aside,
Assuming the 'guise of a swain:
To the cot of Paxella like lightning he flew,
There begg'd of the maid a retreat from the dew,
And pleaded the length of the plain.

She welcom'd him in, and soon cover'd the board
With the best of ripe viands industry had stor'd,
Then, with modesty, bade him partake:
From the spring of Hygeia fresh water was brought,
As soft as her lips, and as pure as her thought,
Which, delighted, he drank for her sake.

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The treat (tho' 'twas homely) was season'd with mirth,
Such as rarely obtrudes at the cupboards of worth;
Blue-ey'd meekness was there, clad in fleece:
'Mongst the guests rosy Temperance sat with delight,
Whilst true Friendship, a flame which for ever burns bright,
Sweetly warbled the carrol of peace.

So much kindness with rapture the deity fills—
Say, what power shall resist when a deity wills—
He clasp'd the dear maid to his breast;
(The while he bid Envy her adders decline;)
He gave, for her comfort, an offspring divine,
And the fairy Simplicity dress'd.—

Hence, (he cry'd) quickly hence let the sweet one be sent
'Mongst the children of earth, and be called Content;
Who caress her shall sorrow no more:
Without her in vain shall be physical aid;
The bloom on the face of the beauty shall fade,
And the wealthy be wretched and poor.

The princes of earth, where she deigns to abide,
Shall prefer beyond or ambition or pride;
The wisest shall court her to stay:
At her smiles swol'n-ey'd Sorrow shall certainly cease,
Whilst dimpled-cheek Pleasure with pleasures increase,
And the needy be jolly and gay.

BLACK EY'D SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Susan came on board,
Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
Does my sweet William sail among your crew?

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William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro;
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below.
The cord slides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If, chance, his mate's shrill note he hear)
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O, Susan! Susan! lovely dear!
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear:
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find—
Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee so,
For thou art present, wheresoe'er I go.

If to far India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright:
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale;
Thy skin is ivory so white:
Thus, ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.

Tho' battles call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his dear return.

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Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head.
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land:
Adieu! she cries; and wav'd her lily hand.

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.
The winds that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! silly swain that I was!
Thus sadly complaining he cry'd;
When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd:
She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear tongue;
When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great:
I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet!

How foolish was I to believe
She could doat on so lowly a clown!
Or that her fond heart would not grieve
To forsake the fine folk of the town!
To think that a beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant would prove;
Or go clad like our maidens in grey,
Or live in a cottage on love?

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What tho' I have skill to complain!
Tho' the Muses my temples have crown'd!
What tho', when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around!
Ah, Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy false-one inclines to a swain
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

And you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid;
Tho' through the wide world I should range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas her's to be false and to change;
'Twas mine to be constant and die.

If, while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground.
The last humble boon that I crave,
Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
And when she looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array;
Be finest at ev'ry fine show,
And frolic it all the long day;
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talk'd of or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale moon,
His ghost shall glide over the green!

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THE WORLD.

Written by T. Clio Rickman.

IN this world see the wheel of transition go round,
For there's nothing on earth that can staple be found,
And tho' 'bout its possessions we make such a clamor,
They must sooner or later come under the hammer,
And *a-going. a-going*, who bids any more?
Requites all our pains, is the end of our store.

His Grace, who a Monarch's proud fortune can boast,
Who ransacks each land and plunders each coast,
Whose houses display all that's splendid and great,
Whose equipage moves in such glitering state,
To-day it is his, to-morrow you'll see,
Some hammer consign it to You, or to Me.

The sly antiquary, who, where he can't buy,
Will pilfer the medal that fixes his eye,
Whose antiques, books, paintings, and all that is rare,
The hoarding of fifty years trouble and care,
See CHRISTIE knock down no antiques respecting,
For their owner some Coins that are modern collecting.

Old Grub, who refuses each comfort to share,
To leave an estate to his favourite heir,
Could he peep from his shades, his estate would survey,
'Mongst fidlers, girls, gigs, bits of blood, fly away,
Till TATTERSAL soon the treasure spreads wide,
To make fools and knaves of hundreds beside.

Then how silly this boast of what has no stay,
But flies on the wings of *a-going*, away,
Who bids any more? is the end of it all,
And this World we may safely an auction room call,
But the mind's bright possessions all transfer disown,
So cherish their increase for they are your own.

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SONG.

WHY, what's that to you if my eyes I'm a wiping,
A tear is a pleasure, d'ye see, in it's way,
'Tis nonsense, for trifles, I own, to be pining,
But they that han't pity, why I pities they;
Says the captain, says he, (I shall never forget it)
If of courage you'd know lads the true from the sham,
'Tis a furious lion in battle, so let it,
But duty appeas'd, duty appeas'd,
But duty appeas'd, 'tis in mercy a lamb.

There was bustling Bob Bounce for the old one not caring,
Helter skelter to work, pelt away, cut and drive,
Swearing he, for his part, had no notion of sparing,
And as for a foe, why he'd eat them alive;
But when that he'd found an old prisoner he'd wounded
That once sav'd his life as near drowning he swam,
The lion was tam'd, and with pity confounded,
He cry'd over him just as one as a lamb.

That my friend Jack or Tom I would rescue from danger,
Or lay my life down for each friend in the mess,
Is nothing at all, 'tis the poor wounded stranger,
And the poorer the more I shall succour distress;
For however their duty bold tars may delight in,
And peril defy as a bugbear, a flam,
Tho' the lion may feel surly pleasure in fighting,
He'il feel more by compassion when turn'd to a lamb.

The heart and the eyes, you see, feel the same motion,
And if both shed their drops 'tis all to the same end,
And thus 'tis that ev'ry tight lad on the ocean
Sheds his blood for his country, his tears for his friend;

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If my maxim's disease, 'tis disease I shall die on,
You may snigger and titter, I don't care a damn!
In me let the foe seek the paw of a lion,
But the battle once ended, the heart of a lamb.

MOGGY AND PEGGY.

A favourite Song.

YOUNG Moggy and Peggy had sweethearts to meet,
And they fix'd on an evening in May,
The nightingale's song was melodious and sweet,
And the grass was not mown for the hay.

Each swain was impatient his mistress to prove,
And each hop'd in his fair one to find,
That what did appear sweet complacence and love,
Was meant never to serve as a blind.

To show you how women can cheat when they please,
If it suit with their whims or their gains,
Young Moggy and Peggy accomplish'd with ease,
A quick marriage with each of their swains.

The very next morning betimes they begun,
Their poor husbands to tease and to vex;
The bridegrooms repented too late what they'd done,
And confess'd they'd been dup'd by the sex.

POOR BENOWEE.

Written by Mr. F. Plowden.

SAVE me, save me, white man save me,
Tawney maid do humbly crave ye,
Till she die she grateful be,
Save the life of Benowee,
Poor Benowee, Poor Benowee.

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Hear me, hear me, good man hear me,
Never, never, need you fear me,
While I live, I faithful be,
Pity then poor Benowee.
Poor Benowee, Poor Benowee.

CHANGE FOR A GUINEA.

JACK Binnacle met with an old shipmate,
That sail'd with him board of the Thunder,
And they talk'd of their pranks at a pretty round rate,
A pretty round rate,
And made all the hearkeners wonder;
For tho' brave at sea, when you get him ashore,
A tar often turns out a ninny;
For now he must jog,
His leave's out with his grog,
Here house what's to pay, come sport us the score:
Hand us over the change for a guinea.

CHORUS.

For a sailor's life is a roaring life,
He laughs while the winds and the waves are at strife,
So safe on shore,
He can pay his score.
And sport the splendid guinea.

The landlord's sweet daughter now comes in his view,
Up to tars when they get into harbour;
Her shoes are morocco, her petticoat's blue,
Her wig's just come from the barber;
Jack stares in her face with a whimsical phiz,
Reviews her and looks like a ninny;
For each chalk on his score,
She counts two or more,
He fix'd on her eyes while she penetrates his,
And cheats him while changing his guinea.

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CHORUS.

For a sailor's life is a careless life,
He sings while the winds and the waves are at strife;
To be cheated on shore
While to pay his score,
He sports the splendid guinea.

Here's two eighteen penn'orths, that's five and a kick,
Three penn'orth of 'bacco a shilling;
For a sixpenny 'bacco-box, quite span and spick,
Half a crown, and a tizzy the filling.
Jack hears not a word, chucks her under the chin,
Lord, how can you be such a ninny?
Let me reckon your score,
For two sixpenn'orths more,
Two hogs, and three simons for what's to come in,
So there's three shillings out of a guinea.

CHORUS.

For a sailor's life is a roaring life,
He whistles while billows and winds are at strife;
From the landlord's long shore,
For a five shilling score,
To get three shillings out of a guinea.

Well, well, cries out Jack, you know figures and such;
I dare say you're right mistress Moggy;
All my wonderment is, we should tip off so much
In the time, and yet never get groggy,
But no sailor at tos-pot e'er yet play'd amiss
Then he's cunning and never a ninny;
Come put round the grog,
For away we must jog,
So now my dear girl, if you'll give me a kiss;
You may pocket your change for a guinea.

CHORUS.

For a sailor's life is a careless life,
He minds neither billows nor winds at strife;
He pays his score,
With spirit on shore,
And that's all the use of a guinea.

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SINCE LOVE IS THE PLAN.

SINCE love is the plan,
I'll love if I can—
Attend and I'll tell you what sort of a man,
In address how complete,
And in dress spruce and neat,
No matter how tall so he's over five feet;
Not dull, nor too witty,
His eyes I'll think pretty,
If sparkling with pleasure whenever we meet.

In a song bear a bob,
In a glass a hob-nob,
Yet drink of his reason his noddle ne'er rob;
Tho' gentle he be,
His man he shall see,
Yet never be conquer'd by any but me.
This, this is my fancy;
If such a man can see,
I'm his if he's mine; until then I'll be free.

MAGGY LAUDER.

WHA wadna be in love
Wi' bonny Maggy Lauder?
A piper met her gaun to fife,
And speir'd what was't they ca'd her?
Right scornfully she answer'd him,
Begone ye hallanshaker;
Jog on your gate, ye Bladderskate,
My name is Maggy Lauder.

Maggie, quoth he, and by my bags,
I'm fidging fain to see thee;
Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
In troth I winna steer thee:

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For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter;
The lasses loup as they were daft,
When I blow up my chanter.

Piper, quoth Meg, hae ye your bags,
Or is your drone in order?
If ye be Rob, I've heard of you,
Live ye upo' the border?
The lasses a', baith far and near,
Have heard of Rob the Ranter;
I'll shake my foot wi' right good will
Gif ye'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
About the drone he twisted;
Meg up, and wallop'd o'er the green,
For brawly could she frisk it:
Weel done, quoth he—play up, quoth she,
Weel bobb'd, quoth Rob the Ranter,
'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
When I get sic a dancer.

Weel ha'e you play'd your part, quoth Meg,
Your cheeks are like the crimson:
There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
Since we lost Habby Simson:
I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter;
Gin ye should come to Enster fair,
Speir ye for Maggy Lauder.

BEN BLOCK.

I WAS press'd while a rowing so happy—
No matter, 'twas childish to grieve;
So to drown care with grog I got nappy,
Yet sigh'd my sweet Kitty to leave;

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But what hurt me most were those ninnies,
  On whom I had thought to depend,
For I wish'd to raise Kate a few guineas,
  But found I had got ne'er a friend.

When abroad, why I troubled a shipmate
  A note to my sweetheart to write,
Which in doing he somehow a slip made,
  His own tale of love did indite!
So when I at Battersea landed,
  (He'd patter'd her so to his end)
I learnt he my frigate commanded,
  And found I had got ne'er a friend.

When again on the salt seas in motion,
  The ill-humour'd winds loudly roar,
And friendship I found on the ocean,
  As scant as I left on the shore:
We were wreck'd—but my tale little matters,
  While messmates to Davy descend,
I escap'd, but was poor, all in tatters,
  And found I had got ne'er a friend.

Yet still to all fear was I stranger,
  In battle (where death tips the grin)
Was expos'd to the heat of each danger,
  'Till a musket-ball splinter'd my fin:
Well, away to the cock-pit I hobble,
  Where so many customers 'tend,
Then the surgeon, to save further trouble,
  Lopp'd it off, dam'me me, not like a friend.

But now ev'ry comfort's imparted,
  I find, laid in Greenwich snug dock,
My messmates are true, honest hearted,
  And each wishes well to Ben Block:

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The rear of my life glides on cheerly,
In a calm here my moments I'll end,
I have fought for my King late and early,
And, bless him, the King is my friend.

OUR TOPSAIL'S A-TRIP.

By a Gentleman of the Navy.

OUR topsail's a trip, and our anchor's a-weigh,
To far distant climes from my Fanny I stray;
Tho' borne by false winds, still thy sailor is true,
Tho' wand'ring, he's constant to love and to you.

The rock-dashing billows that loudly do roar,
The surge that rebounds from yon lessening shore,
Seem to swell with tears, and the boisterous wind,
To increase with my sighs, for to leave thee behind.

When perils surround I'll think of my love,
The soothing idea all fears will remove:
With safety I plough thro' the dangerous main,
With grief now we part to meet happy again.

CHELSEA QUARTERS.

COME hear an old campaigner's song,
A British soldier's story,
Who oft has train'd the martial throng,
To noble deeds of glory:
But let not boasting swell my praise,
Who's fac'd hot balls and mortars,
In hopes to spend my latter days
With peace, in Chelsea quarters.

On swampy grounds and barren sands,
In march and counter-marches,
I've met in fight and hostile bands,
And sunk beneath my gashes;

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Yet innate valour cheer'd my heart,
'Tis fear the coward slaughters;
And he that takes a soldier's part,
Secur'd me Chelsea quarters.

To say what foes my arm has slain,
Would dastard be to venture;
My duty ne'er regarded pain,
In van, in rear, in center:
Full oft I've drench'd my sword in blood,
And forded many waters,
In hopes when wars should cease to flood,
To fix in Chelsea quarters.

And heaven bless his Majesty,
Who leaves a veteran never,
Grown old and hack'd as you see,
He's pension'd me for ever:
My text is fixt at last for life,
And safe from mines and mortars;
Tho' kingdoms wage eternal strife.
I'll ne'er quit Chelsea quarters.

THE CARMAGNOLE.

A Parody, by T. Dutton.

THE thund'ring cannons rend the sky,
To arm ye valiant heroes fly,
And bold as ye advance,
To crush the hosts of France,

CHORUS.

Dance, dance the carmagnole;
Whilst cannons roar,
Whilst cannons roar,
Dance, dance the carmagnole.

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Too long has treason arm'd the land,
Too long ye spare a ruffian band:
Let fury now succeed
'Till ev'ry rebel bleed:
Dance, &c.

The blood by vile usurpers shed,
Calls vengeance on each traitor's head;
Then bid your cannons roar,
And glut your rage in gore:
Dance, &c.

Tho' countless as the orbs that roll,
When sable night invests the pole;
In vain the rebels boast,
The numbers of their host.
Dance, &c.

Still let them swell their lawless train,
And sport their thousands on the plain;
With justice for our shield,
We'll boldly dare the field.
Dance, &c.

To you, in this decisive hour,
Avenging fate entrusts her pow'r;
Then haste to strike the blow,
Nor spare a single foe.
Dance, &c.

THE PYEMAN.

O LORD! what a place is a camp,
What wonderful doings are there;
The people are all on the tramp,
To me it looks devilish queer:

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Here's ladies a swigging of gin,
And crop macaronies likewise:
And I, with my "who'll up and win,
Come, here is your hot mutton pies."
Tol lol, &c.

Here's horses, and asses, and chaise,
And waggons and carts out of number;
Here's racketing nights and by days,
And inns full of dead and live lumber:
Now here is a beau in a gig,
And here is a lady in clover,
And here is an Alderman's wig,
With Billy, the taylor, done over.
Tol lol, &c.

Here's gallopping this way and that,
With, Madam, stand out of the way:
Here's, O fie, Sir. what would you be at?
Come, none of your impudence, pray:
Here's halt—to the right about face,
Here's laughing and screaming and cries;
Here's milliner's men out of place,
And I, with my hot mutton pies.
Tol lol, &c.

Here's the heath all the world like a fair,
Here's butlers, and sutlers, and cooks;
Here's popping away in the air,
And Captains with terrible looks:
Here's how do you do?—Pretty well,
The dust has got into my eyes;
There's, fellow, what have you to sell?
Why, only some hot mutton pies.
Tol lol, &c.

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SONG.

BEHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the tree,
Which, oh! my sweet Shakespeare, was planted by thee;
As a relick I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine;
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine.
All shall yield to the mulberry tree;
Bend to thee
Bless'd mulberry;
Matchless was he
That planted thee,
And thou, like him, immortal shalt be.

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,
Who spread round your branches, whose heads sweep the sky;
Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,
To root out the natives at prices so dear:
All shall yield, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
Preserv'd once our King, and will always our coast:
Of the fir we make ships: there are thousands that fight,
But one, only one, like our Shakespeare can write.
All shall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bow'rs,
Pomona in fruit trees, and Flora in flow'rs;
The garden of Shakespeare all fancies will suit,
With the sweetest of flow'rs, and the fairest of fruit.
All shall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd Birch
Supplies law and physic, and grace for the church;
But law and the gospel in Shakespeare we find,
He gives the best physic for body and mind.
All shall yield, &c.

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The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree;
For him and his merits this takes it's degree:
Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and vine,
The tree of our Shakespeare is still more divine.
All shall yield, &c.

As the genius of Shakespeare outshines the bright day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;
So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
Has the laurel and bays, and the vine, all in one.
All shall yield, &c.

Then each take a relick of this hollow tree,
From folly and fashion a charm let it be;
Let's fill to the planter the cup to the brim,
To honour your country, do honour to him.
All shall yield, &c.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

TUNE—*Go patter to lubbers.*

A TRAVELLER many long years I have been,
But never trip't over to France,
All cities and most market towns have been in.
'Twixt Berwick-on-Tweed and Penzance;
My own native country with pleasure I range,
All seasons and times of the year;
In fashion still find a continual change,
Something novel will always appear;
The world tho' 'tis round, as about it we go;
Strange ways, turns and crosses we see:
But the favourite road which I wish to pursue,
The road of all roads which I which to pursue,
Is through life to go easy and free.

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The traveller braving a bleak wint'ry day,
To what place he soe'er may resort,
When reaching his inn, is as chearful and gay
As the sailor that gets into port:
Well seated and serv'd, his refreshment how sweet,
What comfort it gives to the heart,
And when a few friends unexpectedly meet,
How fond each his tale to impart;
For know this idea, which none can detest,
Has long been implanted in me,
That whatever maxims are follow'd, the best
Is through life to go easy and free.

If fraught with good humour, I care not how much,
In sentiment people divide;
In opinion for differing my temper is such,
I scorn any soul to deride;
Tho' the dictates of reason flow pointed and strong,
Such prejudice hangs on the mind;
From debates howe'er pertinent, nervous, or long,
You seldom a convert will find:
Then give me the man where'soever I call,
That always will sociable be;
If we don't think alike—still the beauty of all,
If we can't think alike—still the beauty of all,
Is through life to go easy and free.

As sons of the whip must to business attend,
I always make much of the day;
At night with my bottle, my pipe, and my friend,
The moments glide smoothly away;
All travellers truly it must be confest,
Good orders are glad to receive;
Disappointments in trade never rob me of rest,
For madness I deem it to grieve,
Then, my worthies, the toast which to give I'm inclin'd,
I trust with all minds will agree,
" Wishing every free-hearted friend to mankind,
" Through life may go easy and free."

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THE SWEET LITTLE ANGEL.

TUNE—*Poor Jack.*

WHEN Jack parted from me to plough the salt deep,
Alas! I mayn't see him again,
In spite of all talking I could not but weep,
To help it I'm sure was in vain;
Then he broke from my arms, and bid me farewel,
Saying, Poll, come, my soul, it won't do;
So, d'ye hear, avast whining and sobbing, my girl,
'Tis all foolish nonsense in you.
I could not help thinking that Jack was in right,
From a something that whisper'd, d'ye see,
There's a sweet little angel. that sits out of sight,
Will restore my poor Jack unto me.

Yet while he's at distance each thought is employ'd,
And nought can delight me on shore;
I fancy, at times, that the ship is destroy'd,
And Jack I shall never see more.
But then 'tis but fancy; that angel above,
Who can do such wonders of things,
I know will ne'er suffer a harm to my love,
And so to myself I thus sing:—
What matters repining, my heart shall be light;
For, a something that whispers, d'ye see,
There's a sweet little angel, that sits out of sight,
Will restore my poor Jack unto me.

But should that sweet angel, wherever he be,
Forget to look out for poor Jack;
Why then he may never return unto me,
O never! no, never! come back.
But, oh! it can't be, he's too good and too kind,
To make the salt water his grave:
And why should I then each tale-teller mind,
Or dread ev'ry turbulent wave?

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Besides, I will never kind Providence slight;
For, a something that whispers, d'ye see,
There's a sweet little angel, that sits out of sight,
Will restore my poor Jack unto me.

I THOUGHT IT WAS QUEER.

AS I lean'd o'er a gate at Midsummer eve,
When the sky in the brook look'd so clear,
Young Robin came slily and tugg'd at my sleeve,
And I could not help thinking it queer.

He patted my cheek, and he play'd with my hand,
And he gave such a whimsical leer;
Then talk'd about things I could scarce understand,
That I could not help thinking him queer.

Now all on a sudden he let his thoughts loose,
And he ask'd if to church I would steer;
I thought him a whimsical mad-headed goose,
For his talking of matters so queer.

I meant to have chid him for what he had sent,
When he whisper'd so soft in my ear,
That, if I deny'd him, his heart would have bled,
For his heart it felt somehow so queer.

"How long have you lov'd me, pray, Robin?" said I,
When he answer'd, A calendar year;"
I then was resolv'd with his suit to comply,
Although it seem'd hasty and queer.

Folks thought it so odd, that an hour or so
Should have made me so ready appear;
But many a lass, who had answer'd with No,
Has dy'd like old maidens so queer.

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SONG.

FROM ploughing the ocean, and thrashing monsieur,
In old England we're landed once more;
Your hands, my brave comrades; halloo, boys, what cheer,
For a sailor, that's just come on shore?

Those hectoring blades thought to scare us, no doubt,
And cut us, and slash us—morbleu!
But hold—avast—they were plaguily out;
We have slic'd them and pepper'd them too.

Then courage, my hearts, your own consequence know,
Your invaders shall soon do you right;
The lion may rouse, when he hears the cock crow,
But shall never be put in a fright.

You've only to shun your nonsensical jars,
Your damn'd party and idle contest;
And let all your strife be, like us honest tars,
Who shall fight for their country best.

A sea-faring spark if the maids can affect,
Bid the simpering gypsies look to't;
Sound bottoms they'll find us in ev'ry respect,
And our pockets well laden to boot.

The landsmen, mayhap, in the way of discourse,
Have more art to persuade, and the like;
But what's those false colours—for better for worse,
Is the bargain we're willing to strike.

Now long live the king; may he prosperous reign,
Of no power, no faction, afraid;
May Britain's proud flag still exult o'er the main,
At all points of the compass display'd!

No quicksands endanger, no storms overwhelm,
Steady, steady, and safe may she sail;
No ignorant pilots e'er sit at the helm,
Or her anchor of liberty fail!

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IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT.

Sung by Mrs. Jordan.

IN the dead of the night, when with labour oppress,
All mortals enjoy the calm blessing of rest,
Cupid knock'd at my window, disturbing my ease,
Who's there? I demanded—Begone if you please.

He answer'd so meekly, so modest, and mild,
"Dear Ma'am, it is I, an unfortunate child;
'Tis a cold rainy night, I am wet to the skin;
I have lost my way, Ma'am, so pray let me in."

No sooner from wet and from cold he got ease,
Than taking his bow, he cry'd—"Ma'am, if you please,
If you please, Ma'am, I would by experiment know
If the rain it has damag'd the string of my bow.

Then away skipp'd the urchin, as brisk as a bee,
And, laughing, "I wish you much joy, Ma'am" said he;
"My bow is undamag'd, for true went my dart,
But you will have trouble enough with your heart."

COME HASTE TO THE WEDDING.

Sung in the Elopement.

COME haste to the wedding, ye friends and ye neighbours,
The lovers their bliss can no longer delay;
Forget all your sorrows, your care, and your labours,
And let ev'ry heart beat with rapture to-day:
Ye votaries all, attend to my call,
Come, revel in pleasures that never can cloy:
Come, see rural felicity,
Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

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Let envy, let pride, let hate and ambition,
Still crowd to, and beat at the breast of the great;
To such wretched passions we give no admission,
But leave them alone to the wise-ones of state;
We boast of no wealth, but contentment and health,
In mirth and in friendship our moments employ.
Come, see rural felicity, &c.

With reason we taste of each heart-stirring pleasure,
With reason we drink of the full-flowing bowl;
Are jocund and gay, but all within measure,
For fatal excess will enslave the free soul.
Then come at our bidding, to this happy wedding,
No care shall intrude our bliss to annoy;
Come, see rural felicity, &c.

LORD DUNCAN OFF CAMPERDOWN.

THE eleventh of October shall never be forgot,
Our prospects were but sombre, when lo! a gallant Scot,
Brave Duncan, honor'd name, with glory and renown,
He thunder'd Britain fame off thee, O Camperdown!

Along Batavia's shore what dire and sad dismay,
What floods of purple gore flow'd on that dreadful day:
Britannia generous weeps, e'en o'er her hero's crown,
Which half in tears she reaps off thy shore, Camperdown.

See Holland's vaunted navy, their glory and their boast,
The flag strike of Batavia, in sight of their own coast:
What though they nobly fought, great Duncan still bore down,
And Britain's glory bought off thy shore, Camperdown

Valour and skill combine at once to overthrow,
Brave Duncan burst the line, and hurl'd down on the foe
The weight of Britain's pow'r, her awful naval frown,
Shook Holland in that hour, off thy shore, Camperdown.

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To providence supreme let ev'ry heart give way,
Assert its grateful claim, like Duncan homage pay;
Devotion valour grac'd, with dignity her son,
The god of battle prais'd, off thy shore, Camperdown.

Old England proudly rears on Howe and Vincent's fame,
Scotia her quota bears, and this distinguish'd name
Shall in her heart still live with glory and renown,
Mem'ry must ever give, Duncan of Camperdown.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

HAVE sail'd the world round, view'd all nations and climes,
Ev'ry point of the compass have box'd,
'en fair weather, heavy squalls, your best and worst of times,
And now and then a pretty girl I've coax'd.

CHORUS.

But Old England for my money, and a British lass in tow,
Bless their hearts! why I never, never snub 'em,
As for this or that there enemy, wherever bred the foe,
We English hearty cocks always drub 'em,
Then with flip, the fiddle, Poll,
Piping, tol de riddle, lol,
We laugh and quaff it merrily, yeo ho!

They call us careless ninnies, well e'en let them, and what then?
Why the rhyno we work hard for you know;
Not to hoard it like lubbers, but spend it, boys, like men,
With a messmate, a girl, a fiddle, boys, or so.
Old England for my money, &c.

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ANACREONTIC.

TO Anacreon in heav'n, where he sat in full glee,
A few sons of harmony sent a petition,
That he their inspirer and patron would be;
When this answer arriv'd from the jolly old Grecian:
"Voice, fiddle, and flute,
No longer be mute,
I'll lend you my name, and inspire ye to boot;
And, besides, I'll instruct you, like me to entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

The news through Olympus immediately flew,
When old Thunder pretended to give himself airs;
"If these mortals are suffer'd their plans to pursue,
The devil a goddess will stay above stairs.
Hark! already they cry,
(In transports of joy)
Away to the sons of Anacreon we'll fly;
And there with good fellows, we'll learn to entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine,

"The yellow-hair'd god and his nine fusty maids,
From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee;
Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,
And the biforked hill a mere desart will be:
My thunder, no fear on't,
Will soon do its errand,
And d—me, I'll swinge the ringleaders I warrant;
I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to twine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Apollo rose up, and said, "Pry'thee, ne'er quarrel,
Good king of the gods, with my vot'ries below;
Your thunder is useless." Then shewing his laurel,
Cried, "*Sic evitabile fulmen*, you know!
Then over each head
My laurel I'll spread,
So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall dread,
Whilst, snug in their club-room, they jovially twine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

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Next Momus got up, with his risible phiz,
And swore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join;
"The full tide of harmony still shall be his,
But the song, and the catch, and the laugh, shall be mine.
Then Jove be not jealous,
Of these honest fellows."
Cried Jove, "we relent, since the truth you now tell us;
And swear by old Styx, that they long shall entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Ye sons of Anacreon, then, join hand in hand,
Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love;
'Tis your's to support what's so happily plann'd;
You've the sanction of gods, and the fiat of Jove.
While thus we agree,
May our club flourish happy, united, and free!
And long may the sons of Anacreon entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

A BACCHANALIAN SONG.

MY temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,
And barter all joy for a goblet of wine;
In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

Yet why thus resolve to relinquish the fair,
'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair;
For what mighty charms can be found in a glass,
If not fill'd to the health of some favourite lass?

'Tis Woman whose charms ev'ry rapture impart,
And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart:
The miser himself (so supreme is her sway)
Grows convert to love and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice Sorrow lifts up her head,
And Poverty listens, well pleas'd from her shed;
While Age, in an extacy, hobbling along,
Beats time with his crutch to the tune of her song.

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Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
The largest and deepest that stands on the board;
I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair,
'Tis the thirst of a lover, and pledge me who dare!

SONG.

Contented I am, and contented I'll be;
For what can this world more afford,
Than a girl that will sociably sit on my knee,
And a cellar that's plenteously stor'd?

See! my vault door is open, descend ev'ry guest,
Tap the cask, for the wine we will try;
'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to your taste,
And as bright as her cheeks to your eye.

In a piece of slit hoop I my candle have stuck,
'Twill light us each bottle to hand;
The foot of my glass for the purpose I've broke
For I hate that a bumper should stand.

Sound that pipe—'tis in tune, and the binns are well fill'd,
View that heap of Champaigne in the rear;
Those bottles are Burgundy, see how they're pil'd,
Like artillery, tier over tier.

My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my flasks,
All gloriously rang'd in review;
When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks
As kingdoms I've got to subdue.

'Tis my will when I die, not a tear shall be shed,
No *hic jacet* be grav'd on my stone;
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
And say that my drinking is done.

END OF THE Second VOLUME.

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INDEX TO VOL. I.

	PAGE
AURORA, now summon's the lads of the course.	10
An honest tar, and fresh from sea.	11
A bankrupt in trade, fortune frowning on shore.	30
A lass was left to my care	36
Ask you who is singing here.	44
A poor little gypsey, I wander forlorn.	46
A plague on those musty old lubbers.	56
A little boy, a Savoyard	84
A sailor I was born and bred	85
Ah, could my flowing tears avail	92
A jolly miller, blithe I sing	95
A British sailor is my dad	107
As I walk'd thro' the Strand so careless gay	126
As I walk'd out one May summer morning	135
A Pirate's life's a voyage of glee	157
A bachelor leads an easy life	163
At Wapping I landed and call'd to hail Mog	164
A poor soul sat sighing beneath a tall tree	166
Again the willing trump of fame	205
By the gaily-circling glass.	19
Believe my vows, while thus we part	89
By my mother 'twas said and by me t'was believ'd	92
Bright chanticleer proclaims the dawn	98
Behold the man that is unlucky	99
Begone, dull care, I pr'y thee begone from me	109
Ben Bowsprit I am, and a true jolly Boy	106
Beneath this broad oak, not a better to show	153
Britannia's sons, attend my call	197
Britannia's sons at sea	190
Come hasten, my hearties, to true honest Ned.	5
Could I conquer the passion of love.	20
Come Royal George, and all thy court.	61
Come, buy poor Sally's wooden ware.	68
Come away pretty maids	146
Come rouse, my brave sportsmen	168
Come thou soul reviving cup	175
Come cross my hand, my art surpasses	185
Cease, fair ladies, cease bewailing	190
Come, haste to the wedding	210
Contented I am, and contented I'll be	215
Dear is my little native vale.	41
Daddy Neptune one day to freedom did say	53
Dear Nancy I've sail'd the wide world all around	112
Down by the River there grows a green willow	115
Dick Dock, a tar at Greenwich moor'd	151
Dear Tom, this brown jug	183
Ere Emma's fair form first attracted my view	144
Eliza once was fair and young	187

Digitized by Google

Escap'd with life in tatters 32

From the County of Cork, near Dublin I came . . 78
From the white blossom'd Sloe, my dear Cloe requested . 81
From dad and mam's society 86
From place to place I travers'd alone 100
Fill, fill the glass, to beauty charge . . . 114
Fair Ellen like a lily grew 172
For various purposes serves the fan 197
From ploughing the ocean 209
For ever fortune wilt thou prove 1
From prudence let my joys take birth 15
From my cradle a soldier was all my delight . . 24
For England when with fav'ring gale . . . 73

Go search the world round and about . . . 131
Gin ye meet a bonny lassie 58

Had Neptune, when first he took charge of the sea . 113
How sweet in the woodlands 120
Happy were the days, from infancy advancing . . 126
Harry came to me last week 142
How various the blushes that tint the cheek . . . 149
How blest was I when nature smil'd 163
How sweet when the nightingale 174
His sparkling eyes were dark as jet 194
How mild in the ruby pale chastity flushes . . . 3
Habbakuk's my name, it's well to my friends . . 14
How stands the glass around 17
Her mouth with a smile 18
How cruel are the parents 21

In Britain, the soil that true liberty yields . . . 81
I've carried arms through lands afar 82
In the rough blast heaves the billow 90
If ever a sailor was fond of good sport 102
In a cottage I live and a cot of content . . . 104
I'm jolly Jack Maintop-mast, call'd jolly Jack of Dover . 121
In early youth, to fear a stranger 147
In a vessel of my own I have oft ta'en a trip . . 161
In a cottage embosom'd within a deep shade . . 173
In the garden of love, like the garden of Flora . . 3
I have a silent sorrow here 12
If a landsman would know the true creed of a tar . . 25
I've loved many a maiden fair 30
It chanc'd one day that a crow so black 39
I sigh for a maid, and a sweet pretty maid . . . 41
If pity, sweet maid, ever dwelt in thy breast . . . 47
I sail'd in the ship, Duke of Clarence 49
In April, when primroses paint the sweet plain . . 181
I rise with the morn, contemplate the sun . . . 190
I am a physical snob, Sirs 199
If I live to grow old 206
I'm as smart a lad as you'd wish to see . . . 204

Digitized by Google

In the dead of the night 210
I've sail'd the world round 212

Life's like a ship in constant motion 57
Let town bred belles, elate with pride 101
Little Jane of the mead had a lover so fine . . . 155
Left his friends and his home 169

Mirth, be thy mingled pleasure mine 7
My name, d'ye see's, Tom Tough, I've seen a little service . 28
Majestic rose the god of day 59
My cruel love to danger go 60
My Mam is no more, and my Dad's in his grave . . . 62
My name's Obadiah, a Quaker I am 64
My dad was asleep in his old elbow chair . . . 93
Madam, you know my trade is war 110
My friend is the man I would copy through life . . 140
My Highland soldier is come home 147
Mother were dead, and sister were married . . . 159
My love's the gayest of the throng 160
Mr. Abraham Newland's a monstrous good man . . 177
My jovial friends, with social glee 182
My friends all declare that my time is mispent . . 196

Now Joan we are married, and now let me say . . 34
Ned Flint was lov'd by all the ship 37
Near Kew one morn was Peter born 79
Near bow'ry Richmond, Thames's Pride 138
Now the rage of battle ended 183
Now listen, my honies, awhile, if you please . . . 203

Oh! where and Oh! where is your Highland laddie gone . 9
Oh! born to soothe distress, and lighten care . . . 20
O'er the gloomy woods resounding 21
O Loggie of Buchan, O Loggie the laird 27
Oh! health and long life to you all 68
Of all sorts of times, if to search your inclin'd . . 95
O think on my fate, I once freedom enjoy'd . . . 116
O'er the vine-cover'd hills and gay regions of France . 117
Of all the girls in our town 128
On board the Valiant we set sail 132
Once the Gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial feasts . . 133
Och botheration about preservation 134
One sweet May morn in Woodley Park 139
Of all sorts of drooping spirits to cure 143
Old times would persuade us each lass 154
Over the mountain and over the moor 156
O! what a most horrid sensation 158
On Richmond green as fame once told 167
Oh, how happy is the man 172
O you, whose lives on land are pass'd 181
O brawl no more gossips 186
O listen to the voice of love 193
O'er barren hills and flowery dales 201

Digitized by Google

Peaceful slumb'ring on the ocean 51
Pretty Miss, Mama's spoilt daughter 161
Pent within this cavern drear 178
Push about the brisk bowl 191

Round Mont Blanc's lofty summit, and Alps' snowy head . 13

Sweet Poll of Plymouth was my dear 19
Secure within her sea girt shore 23
Says fame t'other day to the genius of song . . 31
Sweet is the ship that under sail 51
Since life's but a Phantom we know 77
Some sing the valiant British tar 87
Stay, Lady, stay, for mercy's sake 108
See the Park throng'd with beauties, the tumult begun . 114
Sam Steel is my name, and a man of some fame . 142
Sweet ditties wou'd my Patty sing . . . 150
Says the fable so pat, once a man had a cat . . 165
Some pity afford to a poor soldier's daughter . 171
Stand to your guns, my hearts of oak . . . 193

Take, oh, take those lips away 2
The bird that hears her nestlings cry 2
The rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a shower . 4
The parent bird, whose little nest 4
Time has not thin'd my flowing hair . . . 18
Tom Starboard was a lover true 23
To lecture I come, and your pardon I crave . . 35
The wealthy fool, with gold in store . . . 37
'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town . . 38
The streamlet that flow'd round her cot . . . 40
The deuce take the cards, for they give to me the gripes . 43
The signals gave, all hands prepar'd . . . 50
'Twas in the evening of a wint'ry day . . . 53
'Twas in the solemn midnight hour . . . 65
There never was a name so handed by fame . . 69
The times are gone by 73
'Twas post meridian, half past four . . . 75
Thou'st play'd a false a faithless part . . . 76
The face of brave captain Megan . . . 83
T'was love, my bosom first inspiring . . 86
The world may go hunting for money or fame . . 86
The Soldier slumbring after war 90
The loud wind roar'd, the rain fell fast . . 93
The moon had climb'd the highest hill . . 103
Tom Tackle was noble, was true to his word . . 105
Tho' winter spreads her drear domain . . . 119
The Romans in England they once did sway . . 125
The Bard that glows with Grub street fire . . 129
T'was at Stepney church I was splic'd to Doll . 130
To bachelors hall we good fellows invite . . 137
The trees seem'd to fade as the dear spot I'm viewing . 141
Talk as you will, the fair rule still . . . 145

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'Twas Saturday night, the twinkling stars . . 111
The prettiest maiden that trips on the lawn . . . 148
Tho' through the town or village gay . . 166
'Twas near a rock, within a bay . . . 180
'Twas when the seas were roaring . . . 202
The eleventh of October will never be forgot . . 211

Why shun me thus, my charming Kate . . 8
Why, fair maid, in ev'ry feature 8
When dry first, a little droll creature 26
While I hang on your bosom, distracted to lose you . 28
When freedom was banish'd from Greece and from Rome . 42
When I was a youngster, I first was apprentic'd . . 45
When my very first day to the field I had got . . 46
Willie Wastle dwelt on Tweed 48
When republican doctrines are ev'ry where found, Sir . 61
When first from Kilkenny, as fresh as a daisy . . 71
When my money was gone, that I gain'd in the wars . 72
When Steerwell heard me first impart . . 80
When the lads begin to teaze, heigho . . . 89
When I was a tiny boy, no higher than my knee . 91
When lovely woman stoops to folly . . . 96
When hoary frost hung on each thorn . . 97
What beauties does Flora disclose . . . 97
Whilst happy in my native land . . . 101
When first a babe upon the knee . . . 107
When I to London first come in . . . 116
When party feuds and hateful broils . . . 120
When scarce a handspike high 123
When in war on the ocean, we meet the proud foe . 134
When fond emotions swell the heart . . 136
What matters your ditties, your jokes and narrations . 144
When first at sea the sailor lad 153
Women are partners at cards 150
Why should life in sorrow be spent . . . 176
Would you know, pretty Nan, how we pass our time 178
Will you leave your village cot . . . 179
When Gallia strove to spread thro' all this land . 188
When the world first begun . . . 189
When Britain on the foaming main . . . 194
When Britain first at heaven's command . . . 195
What matters, Tom, to where we're bound . . 204
Why droops my Nan, and why those tears . . . 205
When Edward left his native plain . . . 208

Ye gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease . 16
Young William was a seamen true . . . 40
Your fortunes, ladies, thus I tell . . . 156
Ye sportsmen draw near, and ye sportswomen too . . 200

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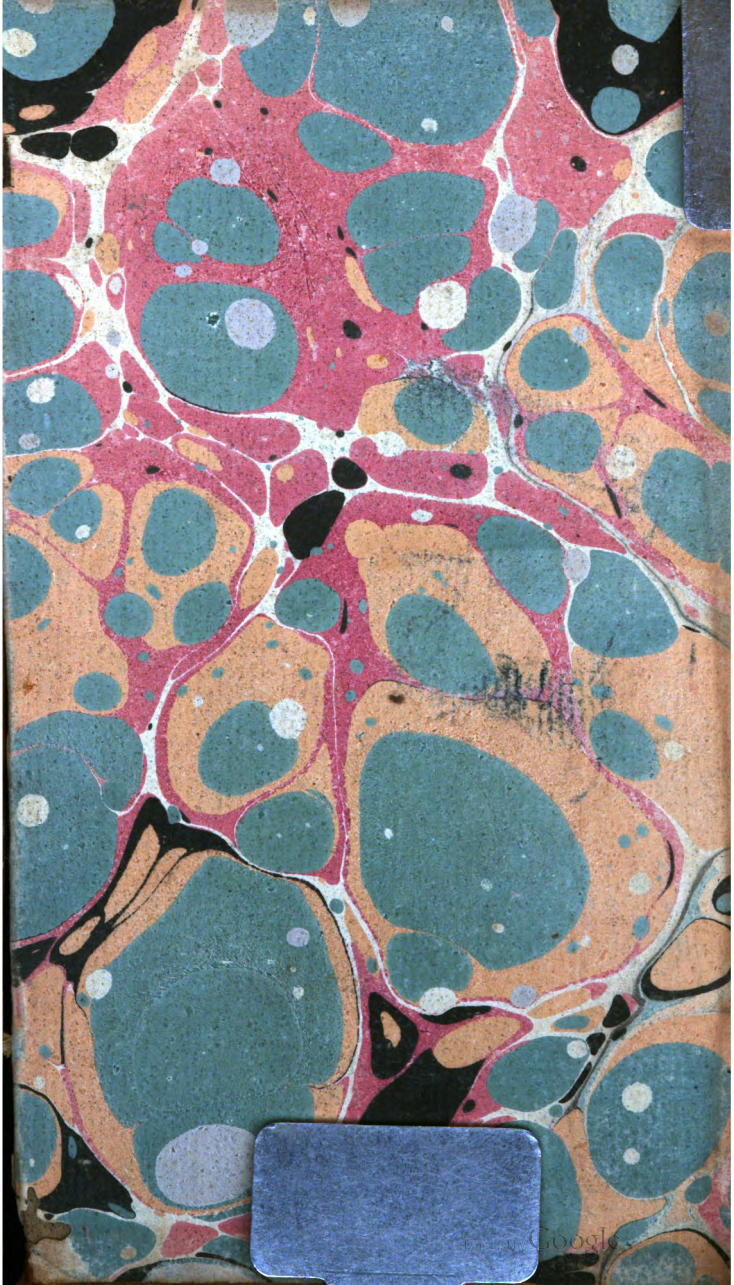
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